

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1921.

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DUE TO LEAVE ENGLAND ON OCT. 26 AND TO REACH INDIA ON NOV. 17: COL. H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES—
HIS LATEST PORTRAIT, IN WELSH GUARDS UNIFORM, AND WITH HIS TOPEE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SWAINE.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN this age of child-psychology nobody pays any attention to the actual psychology of a child. All that seems to matter is the psychology of the psychologist; the particular theory or train of thought that he is maintaining against another psychologist. Most of the art and literature now magnificently manufactured for children is not even honestly meant to please children. The artist would hardly condescend to make a baby laugh if nobody else laughed, or even listened. These things are not meant to please the child; at the best they are meant to please the child-lover. At the worst they are experiments in scientific educational method. Beautiful, wise, and witty lyrics like those of Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses" will always remain as a pure and lively fountain of pleasure—for grown-up people. But the point of many of them is not only such that a child

have very genuine elements of poetry; but they are not primarily meant to be poetry, because they are simply meant to be pleasure. In this sense "Hey Diddle Diddle," against which Mrs. Barnett recently fulminated as a deplorable irrationality, is something much more than an idyll. It is a masterpiece of psychology, a classic and perfect model of education. The lilt and jingle of it is exactly of the sort that a baby can feel to be a tune and can turn into a dance. The imagery of it is exactly what is wanted for the first movements of imagination, when it experiments in incongruity. For it is full of familiar objects in fantastic conjunction. The child has seen a cow and he has seen the moon; but the notion of the one jumping over the other is probably new to him and is, in the noblest sense of that noble word, nonsensical. Cats and dogs and dishes and spoons are all his daily com-

It would be easy to justify a vast number of the other nursery rhymes, in the same vein of a more serious art criticism. If I were asked to quote four lines which sufficed to illustrate what has been called the imaginative reason, when it rises almost to touch an imaginative unreason (for that point of contact is poetry), I should be content to quote four lines that were in a picture book in my own nursery—

The man in the wilderness asked of me,
How many strawberries grow in the sea?
I answered him, as I thought good:
"As many red herrings as grow in the wood."

Everything in that is poetical; from the dark unearthly figure of the man of the desert, with his mysterious riddles, to the perfect blend of logic and vision which makes beautiful pictures even in proving them impossible. But this artistic



COMMEMORATING 700 BRITISH OFFICERS AND 11,000 OTHER RANKS: THE 37TH DIVISION MEMORIAL, BY THE SISTER OF ITS FIRST COMMANDER, UNVEILED AT MONCHY-LE-PREUX.

The monument, which was unveiled by General Debeney on October 9, is the work of Lady Feodora Gleichen, whose brother, Lord Edward Gleichen, commanded the Division on its formation in 1915 and at the Battle of the Somme in 1916. In April 1917 it took Monchy-le-Preux in the Battle of Arras.—[Photograph by Vizzavona.]

could not see it; it is such that a child ought not to be allowed to see it—

The child that is not clean and neat,
With lots of toys and things to eat,
He is a naughty child, I'm sure,
Or else his dear papa is poor.

No child ought to understand the appalling abyss of that after-thought. No child could understand, without being a snob or a social reformer or something hideous, the irony of that allusion to the inequalities and iniquities with which this wicked world has insulted the sacred dignity of fatherhood. The child who could really smile at that line would be capable of sitting down immediately to write a Gissing novel, and then hanging himself on the nursery bed-post. But neither Stevenson nor any Stevensonian (and I will claim to be a good Stevensonian) ever really dreamed of expecting a child to smile at the poem. It was the poet who smiled at the child; which is quite a different thing, though possibly quite as beautiful in its way. And that is the character of all this new nursery literature. It has the legitimate and even honourable object of educating the adult in the appreciation of babies. It is an excellent thing to teach men and women to take pleasure in children; but it is a totally different thing from giving children pleasure.

Now the old nursery rhymes were honestly directed to give children pleasure. Many of them

panions and even his friends; but it gives him a fresh sort of surprise and happiness to think of their going on so singular a holiday. He would simply learn nothing at all from our attempts to find a fine shade of humour in the political economy of the poor papa; even if the poor papa were romantically occupied, not in jumping over the moon, but at least in shooting it.

Of course there is much more than this in "Hey Diddle Diddle." The cow jumping over the moon is not only a fancy very suitable to children, it is a theme very worthy of poets. The lunar adventure may appear to some a lunatic adventure; but it is one round which the imagination of man has always revolved; especially the imagination of romantic figures like Ariosto and Cyrano de Bergerac. The notion that cattle might fly has received sublime imaginative treatment. The winged bull not only walks, as if shaking the earth, amid the ruins of Assyrian sculpture, but even wheeled and flamed in heaven as the Apocalyptic symbol of St. Luke. That which combines imaginations so instinctive and ancient, in a single fancy so simple and so clear, is certainly not without the raw material of poetry. And the general idea, which is that of a sort of cosmic Saturnalia, or season when anything may happen, is itself an idea that has haunted humanity in a hundred forms, some of them exquisitely artistic forms.

quality, though present, is not primary; the primary purpose is the amusement of children. And we are not amusing children; we are amusing ourselves with children.

Our fathers added a touch of beauty to all practical things, so they introduced fine fantastic figures and capering and dancing rhythms, which might be admired even by grown men, into what they primarily and practically designed to be enjoyed by children. But they did not always do this, and they never thought mainly of doing it. What they always did was to make fun fitted for the young; and what they never did was to turn it into irony only intelligible to the old. A nursery rhyme was like a nursery table or a nursery cupboard—a thing constructed for a particular human purpose. They saw their aim clearly, and they achieved it. Therefore they wrote what Mrs. Barnett calls utter nonsense, and took care to make it utterly nonsensical.

For there are two ways of dealing with nonsense in this world. One way is to put nonsense in the right place; as when people put nonsense into nursery rhymes. The other is to put nonsense in the wrong place; as when they put it into educational addresses, psychological criticisms, and complaints against nursery rhymes or other normal amusements of mankind.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, L.N.A., PHOTO. ILLUS. CO., BARRATT, ELLIOTT AND FRY, VANDYK, AND CENTRAL PRESS.



WINNER OF A LONDON-TO-BRIGHTON WALK: DONATO PAVESI, AT REDHILL.



THE NEW LADY GOLF CHAMPION OF AMERICA: MISS MARION HOLLINS.



WINNER, "NEWS OF THE WORLD" GOLF TOURNAMENT: B. SEYMOUR.



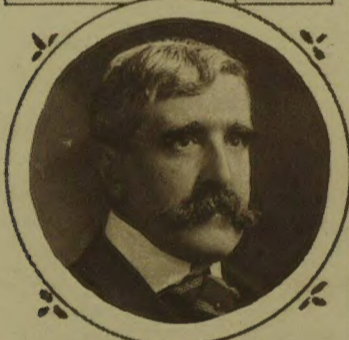
AGAIN ENGLISH LADY GOLF CHAMPION: MISS JOYCE WETHERED.



RUNNER-UP, ENGLISH LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MRS. MUDFORD.



THE NEW LABOUR M.P. FOR W. HOUGHTON: MR. R. J. DAVIES.



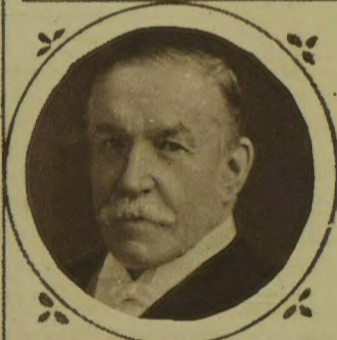
BENEFACTOR OF LEEDS UNIVERSITY: SIR E. A. BROTHERTON.



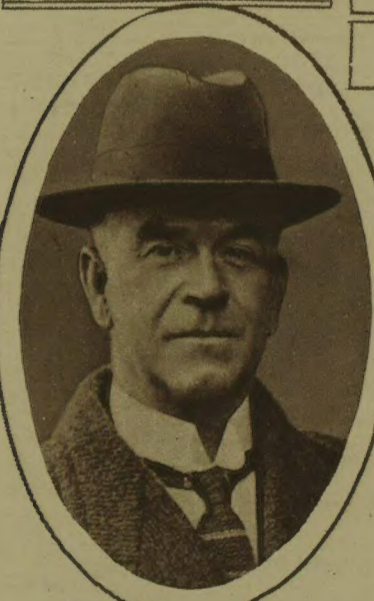
AT THE MONCHY MEMORIAL UNVEILING: (L. TO R.) THE MAYOR OF MONCHY, GENERAL DEBENEY, LORD EDWARD GLEICHEN, AND MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. BRUCE-WILLIAMS.



THE NEW MASTER OF HAILEY-BURY: MR. JOHN TALBOT.



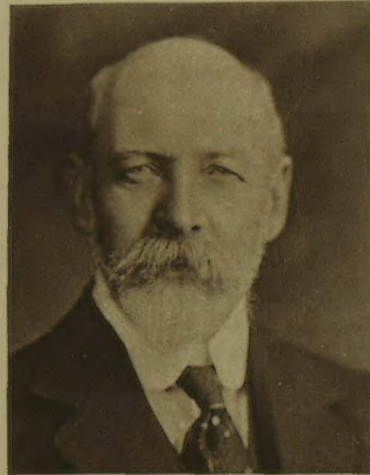
A MINING ENGINEER: THE LATE SIR W. E. GARFORTH.



PREMIER OF NEW SOUTH WALES: THE LATE MR. JOHN STOREY.



CHAIRMAN OF THE NEW COUNCIL, TRADES UNION CONGRESS: MR. R. B. WALKER.



APPOINTED AUSTRALIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER IN LONDON: SIR JOSEPH COOK.

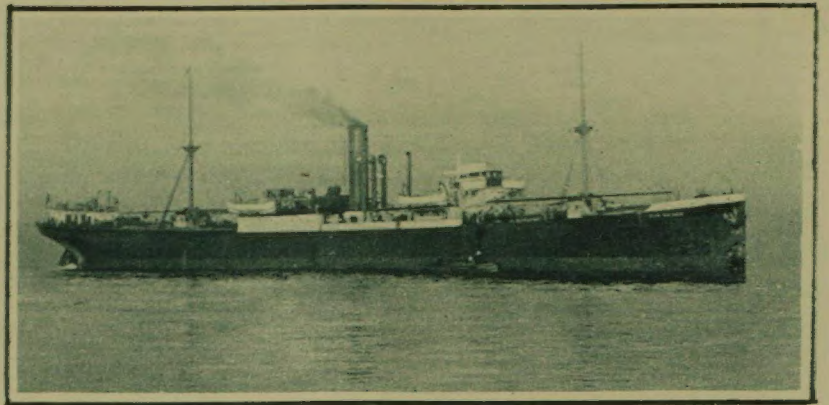
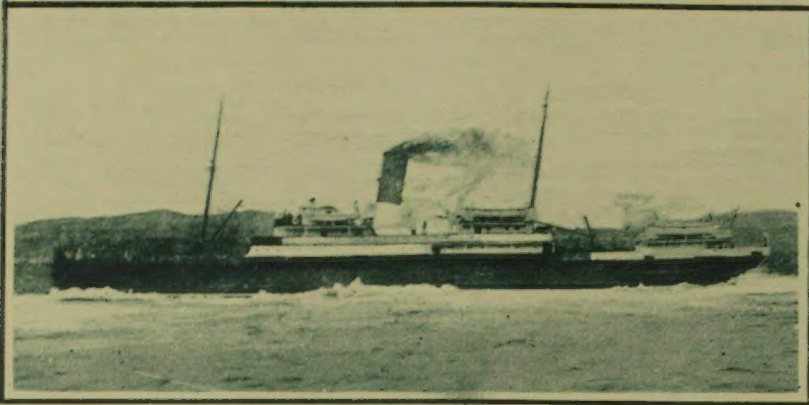


SCULPTOR OF THE MONCHY MEMORIAL: LADY FEODORA GLEICHEN.

The Surrey Walking Club's Victory Cup race from London to Brighton on October 8 was won by Donato Pavesi, an Italian, of the Molinari Swimming Club. His time was 8 hours 37 min. 27 3-5 sec.—Mr. R. J. Davies (Labour) won the bye-election in West Houghton by a majority of 4009 votes.—The Memorial to the dead of the 37th Division (illustrated on "Our Note-Book" page) was unveiled at Monchy on October 9 by General Debeney, commanding the 1st French Army. Lord Edward Gleichen was the 37th Division's first commander, and the monument is the work of his sister, Lady Feodora Gleichen, who was present at the unveiling. Sir Hugh Bruce-Williams took over command in November 1916.—Mr. John Talbot, the new Master of Haileybury, has been Headmaster of the Royal Grammar School, Newcastle-on-Tyne.—Sir

Edward Brotherton, M.P., has given £20,000 to the University of Leeds to develop bacteriological study.—The late Sir William Garforth had been President of the Mining Association of Great Britain and of the Institution of Mining Engineers.—The late Mr. John Storey, Premier of New South Wales, who died on October 5, was one of the most popular politicians in Australia. He was much liked by the Prince of Wales.—Mr. R. B. Walker, of the Agricultural Workers' Union, was chosen on October 5 as Chairman of the newly-formed General Council of the Trades Union Congress.—Sir Joseph Cook, the new High Commissioner of Australia in London, is expected to leave for England shortly. He was Commonwealth Premier in 1913-14, and since 1917 has been Minister for the Navy.

A Double Collision in a Sea-Fog: The Disaster to an Irish Channel Steamer.



STRUCK BY TWO SHIPS WITHIN TEN MINUTES, AND SUNK BY THE SECOND, WITH THE LOSS OF OVER TWENTY LIVES: THE S.S. "ROWAN."

THE SHIP THAT CUT IN TWO AND SANK THE "ROWAN," ALREADY STRUCK BY THE "WEST CHAMAK": THE "CLAN MALCOLM" AFTER THE COLLISION.



BADLY DAMAGED BY RAMMING THE "ROWAN" AMIDSHIPS: THE BOWS OF THE "CLAN MALCOLM," AFTER SHE WAS TOWED BACK TO GLASGOW.

SURVIVORS OF A PARTY OF 37, OF WHOM 19 WERE REPORTED SAVED: MEMBERS OF THE SOUTHERN SYNCOPATED ORCHESTRA RESCUED FROM THE "ROWAN."

The Laird Line cross-Channel steamer "Rowan," outward bound from Glasgow to Dublin, collided with an American steamer, the "West Chamak," bound for Glasgow, at about 12.15 a.m., on October 9, in a fog off Corsewall Point, Wigtownshire. Suddenly, some ten minutes later, another ship (the "Clan Malcolm") loomed up and crashed into the "Rowan" amidships. The number

of missing was stated to be 25, out of 104 on board the "Rowan." Her passengers included 37 members of the Southern Syncopated Orchestra, on their way to perform in Dublin. Nineteen were reported saved, including the conductor, Mr. Egbert E. Thompson (second from right in our photograph), but one died after being rescued.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B. AND C.N.]

The Tunnel Disaster in Paris: Collision and Fire in a Railway "Bottle-Neck."



AFTER THE TERRIBLE ACCIDENT WHICH CAUSED THE DEATH OF 28 PASSENGERS AND INJURIES TO ABOUT 70 OTHERS: WRECKAGE OF AN ENGINE IN THE BATIGNOLLES TUNNEL LEADING FROM THE GARE ST. LAZARE.

A terrible railway accident occurred in Paris on October 5. Owing to the collapse of an air-brake, the 5.48 p.m. train from St. Lazare to Versailles, packed with passengers returning home, stopped in the unlit Batignolles Tunnel. Four minutes later, before warning could be given, another crowded train, from Issy-les-Moulineaux, crashed into the rear of the first. The gas reservoirs in

the carriages caught fire, and the wreckage was soon blazing. The majority of the bodies were so charred as to be unrecognisable. Among those identified was the son (aged 18) of the Comtesse de Rohan-Chabot. The Batignolles Tunnel has long been condemned as a dangerous "bottle-neck." Its demolition, delayed by the war, has now been put in hand.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.]

WHY OUR WINTERS ARE GROWING WARMER: THE AXIAL TILT THEORY.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.S.A. WITH AN ARTICLE BASED ON A PAMPHLET ENTITLED "WARMER WINTERS" (DOLLARD, EXETER.)



"WHY are our winters growing milder? This is a question," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, "that has frequently been raised in Europe and North America. "That some hidden force is at work, making the winters milder in both temperate zones, is affirmed by manifold phenomena: the retreat of ice at both Poles (nearly a mile a year at the South Pole), and the shrinkage of the Swiss, Alaskan, and Himalayan glaciers, bear witness to it. These phenomena, in their turn, support various geological conclusions as to the recency of the last Ice Age. This retreat of ice is necessarily the result of the gradual reduction of the earth's tilt to its orbit, which is known to have been decreasing for at least 3000 years since the first record was made. Our seasons being due to the earth's axis not being perpendicular, it follows that the more the axis is inclined, the more accentuated must be the seasons. The word 'climate' means, in its origin, 'inclination.' The new theory, which also receives startling confirmation from archæology and other sciences, maintains that the axis is tilted to a maximum amount (35 degrees, as against 23½ at the present time) every 31,756 years. At this period, the Arctic Circle, the latitude without any sun in mid-winter, would reach down to Durham. Lands lying within this circle, and beyond it, would be liable to be covered by ice sheets descending from distant elevated regions, and many hundred feet in thickness. This period represents the Ice Age, the date of which has hitherto been

so enigmatical. Elaborate computations made in the United States and in Sweden point to the fact that the middle of the Glacial period occurred about 15,000 years ago, and corresponded with the earth's maximum tilt. Since then the tilt has been gradually decreasing, and will continue to decrease until the year 2296, when the period of minimum tilt will be reached. In exact ratio with this decrease of tilt, the Arctic and Antarctic Circles are receding towards each Pole, as depicted above. The winters, in consequence thereof, are growing gradually warmer in the temperate zones, and regions further North are slowly but surely becoming more habitable. This retreat of ice must, in turn, affect the temperature of the air-currents generated within the Arctic Circle, thus modifying climates in lands subjected to their influence. Within 15 degrees of the North Pole are found remains of forests formed prior to the Ice Age; hence, when the earth's axis has reached a minimum tilt in A.D. 2296, northern Canada and lands near the Pole, as well as the rich undeveloped region of Siberia, will more and more be opened up to colonisation. It is not difficult to imagine that, though the change of tilt has hitherto been slow, some critical condition has now arrived, where the various interdependent factors making for change unite in producing results which, however slight the initial cause, enable their effects to be observed even during the course of a single lifetime."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

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BY-PRODUCTS OF TARPON-FISHING: ADDED THRILLS TO THE FINEST AQUATIC SPORT IN THE WORLD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIAN A. DIMOCK.



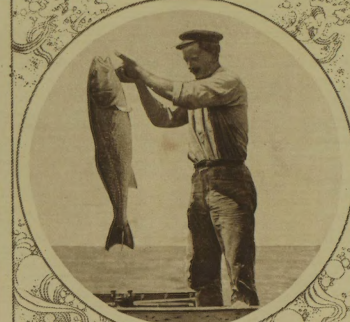
"THE UGLIEST FISH IN THE WORLD AND ABOUT AS GAMEY AS AN ANVIL": HAULING IN A BIG JEW-FISH.



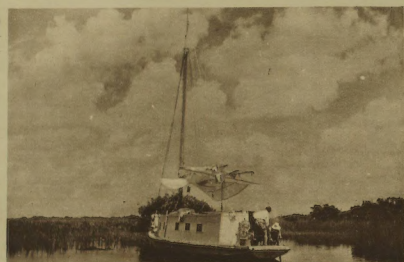
PLAYING A BIG TARPON FROM A SUBMERGED CANOE WHICH IT HAD CAPSIZED BY LEAPING IN THE AIR AND LANDING ON THE BOWS: THE JOY OF COMBAT.



"EVEN IF YOU FAIL TO FIND TARPON, YOUR TIME WILL NOT BE WASTED . . . THE RIVERS WILL BE FOUND ALIVE WITH FISH OF MANY KINDS": AN EXCITING MOMENT.



REDDISH IN COLOUR, WITH BEAUTIFUL MARKINGS, AND DISTINCTIVE SPOTS ON HIS TAIL: A CHANNEL BASS.



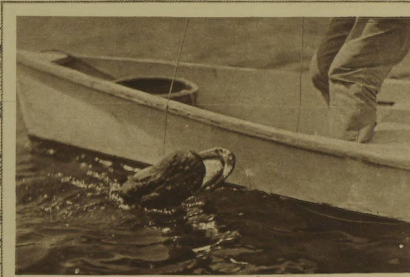
A HOUSE-BOAT RECONSTRUCTED FOR THE PURPOSES OF GAME-FISHING: THE "IRENE" ANCHORED IN THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES.



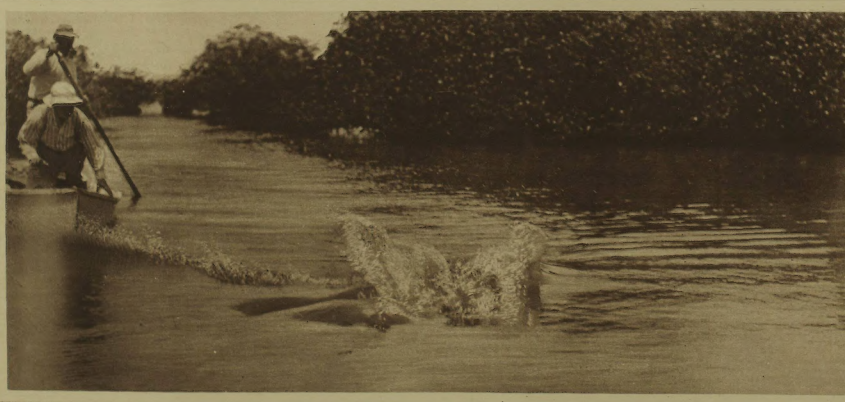
"FOR STRONG SWIMMERS, CAPTURING A DOLPHIN OFFERS ATTRACTIONS": A TASK THAT MEANT A DUCKING A FEW MOMENTS LATER.



"GAMINESS PERSONIFIED IS TO BE PICKED UP IN EVERY PASS": A BIG FISH (UNNAMED) CAUGHT DURING A CRUISE AFTER TARPON.



"THE SAURIAN TURNS ON HIS PURSUER, AND, COMING TO THE SURFACE, DASHES AT HIM WITH WIDE-OPEN MOUTH": AN ENRAGED ALLIGATOR.



"DANGER, REAL DANGER, MAY ALWAYS BE FOUND BY THROWING AN IRON INTO A FIFTEEN-FOOT SAW-FISH": THE MONSTER TOWING THE SKIFF AT RACING SPEED THROUGH CREEKS AND CHANNELS.



"WHEN THE MONSTER IS DEAD, ADMIRE YOUR PROWESS: BEFORE THAT, WONDER AT YOUR FOOLHARDINESS": THE CAPTURED SAW-FISH, WITH HIS FOUR-FOOT WEAPON, AT LAST STRANDED.

Tarpon-fishing is itself, as we noted when illustrating the subject in our issue of July 17, 1920, a sport second to none in excitement, owing to the great size of the fish, its frantic rushes, and amazing leaps into the air. But besides the thrills provided by the primary object of his pursuit, the tarpon-fisherman enjoys others of equal intensity. Fishes of all kinds, as well as reptiles, many of which add the spice of real peril to his sport, are encountered in the Gulf of Mexico off the west coast of Florida. We illustrate here some of these remarkable by-products of tarpon-fishing. Most of the subjects are sufficiently described above, but the following notes may be added from Messrs. A. W. and Julian A. Dimock's book, "Florida Enchantments," which justifies its name, and articles by the same authors, published in "Recreation" and "The World Mirror." "Even if you fail to find tarpon, your time will not be wasted. On the flats, beautifully spotted whip-rays will attract you, big, vicious sharks tempt your steel, and huge saw-fish tender you their four-foot weapon as trophies. The rivers will be found alive with fish of many kinds." In reference to the first photograph, we read: "A big Jew-fish is the ugliest fish in the world, and about

as gamey as an anvil, but it was finally dragged to the surface after a long pull, and the hook recovered." Another time, "a fortunate throw of a harpoon at a dolphin that came flying past the skiff gave the fisherman the ride of his life, and when the dolphin was hauled into the skiff (which, a moment later, he capsized), 'By-products' had won a large lead." The harpooning of an alligator has exciting results! "The saurian turns on his pursuer, and, coming to the surface, dashes at him with wide-open mouth. If he gets the gunwale of the boat between his jaws, he is likely to swamp the craft, and if it is a canoe he is sure to wreck it. . . . I have often gone out alone in my skiff, harpooned an 8 or 9 ft. alligator, tied its jaws, rolled it into the skiff, and carried it back, sometimes miles, to my cruising boat." The most formidable of all sea-game in those waters is the saw-fish. "Despite the warning of his boatman, the fisherman performed the one dangerous act of his cruise when he sunk his harpoon in the back of that armed monster in that narrow channel. Happily the brute kept straight ahead, and the skiff was towed at racing speed. . . . It was two hours before the fifteen-foot saw-fish bearing his terrible four-foot weapon was stranded on a bank."

WAR MEMORIALS; SINN FEIN; NOTTINGHAM GOOSE FAIR; FLEET WOOD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., G.P.U., TOPICAL, C.N., AND KIRK (NOTTINGHAM).



UNVEILED BY TWO V.C.'S OF THE BOROUGH: HACKNEY'S WAR MEMORIAL TO HER 13,000 DEAD—THE SCENE AT THE CEREMONY.



IN HONOUR OF HARROVIANS WHO FELL: THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE MEMORIAL BUILDINGS AT HARROW.



UNVEILED BY LORD HENRY NEVILL: THE L.B. AND S.C.R. WAR MEMORIAL, AT BRIGHTON STATION.



A SINN FEIN DELEGATE IN LONDON: MR. MICHAEL COLLINS.



UNVEILED BY EARL HAIG (SEEN NEXT TO THE CROSS): THE CANTERBURY WAR MEMORIAL.



IN A TOWN ASSOCIATED WITH ROBIN HOOD: THE INAUGURATION OF NOTTINGHAM GOOSE FAIR BY THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION.

Hackney's War Memorial to 13,000 men of the borough who died in the war was unveiled recently, in the churchyard of St. John-at-Hackney, by two local V.C.'s, Sergt. Harry Kenny and Sergt. Issy Smith. The latter was the first Jewish V.C.—At Harrow on Oct. 6 the Archbishop of Canterbury, an old Harrovian, laid the foundation-stone of the War Memorial buildings, in honour of some 3000 old boys who served in the war, of whom 619 lost their lives. Among those present were Generals Lord Horne and Sir A. E. Codrington.—The tablet unveiled in Brighton Station by Lord Henry Nevill, Deputy Chairman of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, is in honour of 5635 members of the company's staff who served in the war. The names of the fallen are



A MUNIFICENT GIFT "FOR PUBLIC USE AND ENJOYMENT": LORD BURNHAM (RIGHT) PRESENTING THE TITLE DEEDS OF FLEET WOOD TO THE LORD MAYOR.

inscribed.—Mr. Michael Collins arrived in London later than his fellow delegates for the Irish Conference.—On October 10 Earl Haig unveiled at Canterbury the Memorial Cross to over 500 men of the city fallen in the war. The Archbishop performed the dedication. The cross was designed by Mr. Beresford Pite, and has four statues by Mr. Benjamin Clemens. Earl Haig was afterwards presented with the freedom of the city.—On October 10, at Burnham Beeches, Lord Burnham handed to the Lord Mayor (Sir James Roll) the title deeds of the 65-acre Fleet Wood estate, adjoining Burnham Beeches, which he has presented to the City of London to be preserved "for public use and enjoyment."

SINN FEIN COMES TO LONDON: IRISH DELEGATES AND THEIR STAFF.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL, AND FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO.



OCCUPIED BY IRISH DELEGATES:
NO. 15, CADOGAN GARDENS.



LADY SECRETARIES OF THE IRISH DELEGATION: (L. TO R.) MISS ELLIE LYONS,
MISS ALICE LYONS, AND MISS KATHLEEN McKENNA.



ANOTHER LONDON RESIDENCE OF THE IRISH
DELEGATES: NO. 22, HANS PLACE.

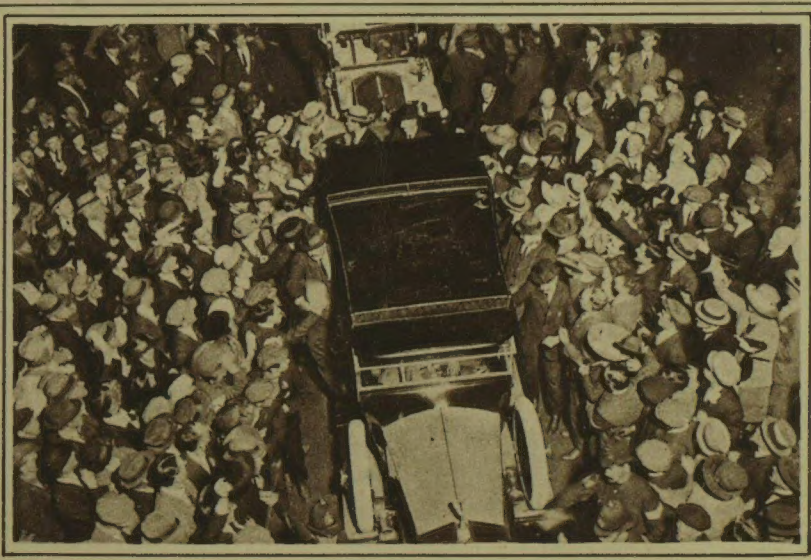


INCLUDING THE LEADER OF THE IRISH DELEGATES, MR. ARTHUR GRIFFITH, SINN FEIN MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS (STANDING SECOND FROM RIGHT, AT BACK):
A GROUP TAKEN AT NO. 22, HANS PLACE (SEE BELOW).



WITH A BAND OF IRISH PIPERS: A CROWD OF SINN FEIN SYMPATHISERS
ASSEMBLED TO GREET THE DELEGATES AT EUSTON.

Four of the five Sinn Fein delegates to the Irish Conference arrived at Euston on the evening of October 8, and received a boisterous welcome from a crowd of sympathisers, accompanied by a band of pipers and drummers who played Irish tunes. The Irish crowd also cheered the King and Queen, whose train came in half an hour before. The four delegates who arrived were Mr. Arthur Griffith, Sinn Fein Minister for Foreign Affairs (Head of the Delegation); Mr. Robert Barton, Minister for Economic Affairs; Mr. E. J. Duggan, Chief Liaison Officer for the



MOBBED BY ENTHUSIASTIC SUPPORTERS: MOTOR-CARS CONTAINING IRISH DELE-
GATES MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CROWD AT EUSTON.

I.R.A.; and Mr. Gavan Duffy, who had been Irish Envoy at Rome. The fifth delegate, Mr. Michael Collins, was expected later, having been detained by family reasons. In the central group above are seen, from left to right: Messrs. J. McGrath, M. Knightly, D. L. Robinson, J. Charteris, G. Gavan Duffy, R. C. Barton, E. J. Duggan, Arthur Griffith, F. Lynch, and Erskine Childers. The ladies are (from left to right): Miss O. Brennan, Miss E. Lyons, Mrs. Duggan, Mrs. Lynch, Miss K. McKenna, and Miss A. Lyons.

"A STIMULUS TO TRADE": THE ROYAL VISIT TO MANCHESTER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., TOPICAL, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



DURING THEIR FOUR-MILE DRIVE THROUGH MANCHESTER: THE ROYAL VISITORS GREETED BY LOYAL LITTLE MANCUNIAN WAVING FLAGS.



AT THE TOWN HALL: (L. TO R.) THE RECORDER, LORD MAYOR, THE KING, THE QUEEN, LADY MAYORESS, AND TOWN CLERK.



"I AM SORELY TROUBLED BY THE PRESENT WIDESPREAD UNEMPLOYMENT": THE KING, WITH THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARY, ON THE PLATFORM IN THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER, DURING THE OPENING CEREMONY.

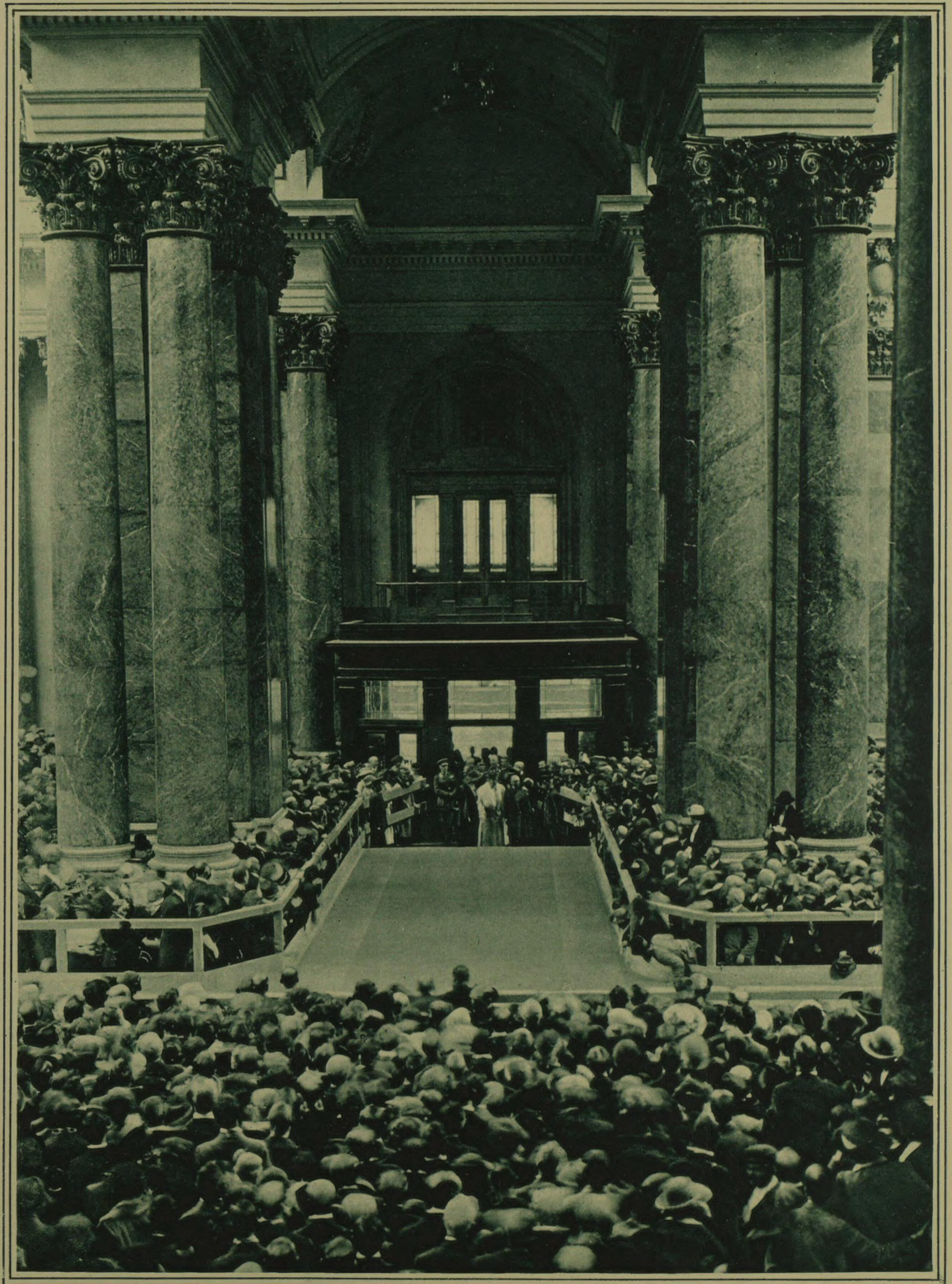
The King and Queen, with Princess Mary, arrived in Manchester on October 8 on their way from Balmoral to London. From London Road Station they drove in open carriages by a route of four or five miles to the Town Hall, being enthusiastically greeted all the way. In our group taken at the Town Hall may be seen besides those named above, the Home Secretary (Mr. Edward Shortt) between the King and Queen, and Lord Derby, behind the Queen. In replying to an Address, read by the Recorder (Mr. Arthur J. Ashton) the King said: "I am happy

to be assured of your belief that our presence here to-day for the purpose of opening the new extension of the Royal Exchange will prove a stimulus to trade. I am deeply conscious how intimately the well-being of the Nation is bound up with the prosperity of our national industry and commerce, in which the City of Manchester and the County of Lancashire take so important a part. I am sorely troubled by the present widespread unemployment, which is causing so much suffering to so many of my people. It is my sincere hope that the efforts of my

[Continued opposite.]

GREETED BY 10,000: THE KING ENTERING MANCHESTER'S EXCHANGE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY L.N.A.



WHERE THE KING PAUSED TO GREET AN OLD SHIPMATE: HIS MAJESTY, WITH THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARY, ARRIVING IN THE NEW ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER, TO PERFORM THE OPENING CEREMONY.

Continued.]

Ministers to alleviate present and prevent future unemployment may be successful. I earnestly pray that, by the blessing of Divine Providence, the united efforts of all classes of the community may wipe out the evil effects of the Great War, restore the productive and commercial activity of the Nation, and thus bring employment, well-being, and happiness to all my people." From the Town Hall the procession went on to the new Royal Exchange, on the vast floor of which ten thousand

people were assembled. On his way to the dais the King recognised an old shipmate of his Navy days named Grandish, now the Reading Room attendant at the Exchange, and paused to greet him. The Lady Mayoress, Mrs. William Kay, presented to the Queen a bouquet and a miniature portrait on ivory of the Prince of Wales. The Lord Mayor said afterwards that, at the King's express wish, no public money had been spent on decorations.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

THERE is always a pleasant element of speculation in the approach to a volume of recent plays. They may have come off trippingly on the stage, but how will they look in cold print? Sometimes, it must be confessed, they emerge from the page as mere material for cunning stage carpentry, *disjecta membra*, bald almost to repulsion, in some cases even illiterate-looking. Shorn of voice, movement, and scenic decoration, they

form, that puts the reader on terms with the stage-setting and even indicates the finer shades of gesture and the actor's facial expression. And with it all there are some fortunate present-day dramatists who write dialogue that satisfies at once the requirements of the stage and the sense of the fastidious reader. "The novel of the play" may be a terrible thing and *vice versa*, but the method of the novel and the method of the drama tend towards a most happy fusion in their latest phase. As yet it is only a tendency, but sufficiently pronounced to make the reading of certain modern prose plays a pleasure that once was rather sadly to seek.

These remarks (desultory enough, in all conscience) were suggested by several new books—Mr. Galsworthy's "SIX SHORT PLAYS" (Heinemann; 5s.), "THE COMEDIES OF HAROLD CHAPIN" (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.), and the final volume of Dr. Karl Mantzius's "HISTORY OF THEATRICAL ART: CLASSICISM AND ROMANTICISM" (Duckworth; 28s.), together with Mr. Walkley's new volume of essays already referred to. All four, in the old philosophic tag, "mutually alter and exalt one another," and it is a good game to hunt parallel ideas through them all, to note coincidences, agreements and divergences, sidelights and brilliant frontal illuminations playing from book to book.

For example, Mr. Walkley opens his essay on Grock with the surmise that "there must be a philosophy of clowns." Later he remarks that "'not such a fool as he looks' is the class-badger of clowns in general." Turn to the last of the late Harold Chapin's four plays, "The Marriage of Columbine," and there is your clown full-length, with a contribution to the philosophy of his order ready to hand. Mr. Scaramouche appears before us in a stage direction written like a novelist's description. "He is a plump, pleasant and pompous little man with the customary dignity and self-respect of a professional funny man in private life." How is that last touch to be conveyed on the stage? It is pure narrative, a confidence between playwright and reader, not spectator. Is there an actor whose art is subtle enough to convey this habitual assertion on

work in theatrical history. His book is somewhat more anecdotal than philosophic, but not without some philosophy *en passant*. Harold Chapin, cut off in the hour of glowing promise, touches romance like the new young man he was: there is something sardonic in his handling of passion, yet something boyishly whole-hearted too: "It's rot, don't you know, but still I'll take a hand myself when it comes along." That is what the young men of to-day seem to be saying. I may be wrong—I speak as a fool, or at least a fogey.

Chapin was out to tilt at absurdities, and to do it he often created a delicious absurdity of situation—as when Gerald was ready to clope with Elaine as long as he thought she was a married woman; but when he found she was not maid or wife or widow, oh dear no! Such a thing was not to be borne. A poet's pure idol shattered! "Elaine" is not the best of Chapin's plays, although it makes excellent reading. His *chef-d'œuvre* will possibly be recognised in "The New Morality"—of the characters in which Sir J. M. Barrie says: "They are puppets, but they were alive all the time he [the author] pulled the strings." Chapin is a light castigator of society failings. Not for him is the abiding earnestness of Mr. Galsworthy. His realism is less deeply bitten in. Both are realists, yet both are romanticists—Chapin with his Puck-like laughter, Galsworthy with his appeal to natural beauty even in a sordid situation. See how in "Defeat," the outcast girl, on bringing the young officer to her room, throws open her curtains to the moonlight that "comes flooding in." Then she "suddenly turns inward with a little shiver." That shiver is the quintessence of all romance. Has it, one wonders, the same thrill on the stage as in the printed word? Certainly the reader of contemporary drama is better off than he used to be, now that play-books like Chapin's and Galsworthy's lie to his hand. And if he has a taste for criticism, what exquisite fare Mr. Walkley sets before him! For who among the critics carries learning with so light a hand, or serves it with so welcome a pinch of Attic salt? He will be remembered, were it for nothing else, as the man who said "Aristotle" in Fleet Street, and survived. He is the romantic-realist of criticism, because he informs his maturity with the spirit of perpetual youth. *Dans l'armée Romantique, comme dans l'armée d'Italie, tout le monde était jeune.*



A PATRON OF DANTE EXHUMED AT VERONA: THE EMBALMED BODY OF CAN GRANDE IN THE OPENED SARCOPHAGUS, IN GOOD PRESERVATION AFTER SIX CENTURIES.

In connection with the Dante Sexcentenary celebrations, a descendant of the poet, Count Serego Allighiero, obtained permission to open the sarcophagus of Dante's patron and protector, Can Grande della Scala (the most famous of the Scaligers, Princes of Verona), who died, aged 31, at Treviso, after the capture of that town in 1329. Doubts had been expressed as to whether the body was actually in the sarcophagus. The removal of the lid revealed it, embalmed and well preserved, wrapped in yellow silk, gold-embroidered with blue bands, the colours of the old banner of Verona. The body measured six feet. By its side was a great State sword, which was removed to the Verona museum. The sarcophagus was then closed.

Photograph by Zucca Ugo (Torino).

never "get over the footlights" of imagination, however successfully they may have performed that feat during the three hours' physical traffic of the playhouse. This disappointment used to hit one hardest in certain well-applauded pieces of the middle nineteenth century, although there were happy exceptions. One exception I should hardly have cared to mention, for it seemed that the pleasure I find in reading the play must be due to some idiosyncrasy—a possible critical weakness or penny-novelle mood—for it is not in the first flight of literature. But confession may now be made unashamed, for in "PASTICHE AND PREJUDICE" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), Mr. A. B. Walkley admits that he can still read T. W. Robertson's "Caste," and certain scenes in it not without tears. "There was," he says, "a quality of freshness and delicate simplicity in Robertson's work at its best that was a true 'return to nature.'"

My aged shabby copy of "Caste"—one of French's yellow-brown paper-covered acting editions, a thing resembling a tract, heaven knows how old—has taken on a new dignity, a fresh interest; and the next reading will perhaps persuade me that its charm was not due entirely to a mental lapse, a sudden vicious craving for a little Family Heraldism. It owed nothing certainly to beautiful format or choice print, which to-day delight the book-loving reader of modern plays. "They spoil us in the theatre," says Goethe, discussing the æsthetic qualities of a concealed orchestra: nowadays they are spoiling us, perhaps, in the *Théâtre*—i.e., the new play-books with their charming dresses and faces, that woo us as seductively as the most pleasingly turned-out novel—here the reference is not to appalling "jackets" but to good honest plain binding. It is not a case of externals only. The newer playwrights have bidden baldness avast, and have contrived a mode of copious stage direction, cast in literary

the clown's part that he is not such a fool as he looks? Possibly; but here the art of the dramatist seems to be merging itself in that of the story-teller.

Again, essayist and playwright touch when Mr. Galsworthy stages "Punch and Go," that delicate little satire on the difference between the desires of the manager (interpreting the public) and the imaginative dramatist. Mr. Galsworthy's morality contains a play within a play. Read then Mr. Walkley on "Plays within Plays," and that other essay, "Plays of Talk." Neither has any direct reference to the interlude in question, but all three gain by association. And after reading Mr. Galsworthy, how refreshing it is to find this of Mr. Walkley's: "'Punch,' we are constantly being told by the natural unsophisticated man, is what is wanted—the word itself is the invention of unquiet people. Well, give me wit, and let who will have the 'punch.'"

From these four books one could illustrate in a nutshell all sorts of old prejudices, controversies, problems. Take, say, the opposition, yet eternal convergence, of the Romantic and the Realistic. Dr. Karl Mantzius, treating of Romanticism in Britain, France, and Germany, lays a solid ground-



RECENTLY OPENED AND FOUND TO CONTAIN THE PRINCE'S BODY: THE SARCOPHAGUS OF CAN GRANDE, ONE OF THE TOMBS OF THE SCALIGERS, IN THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA ANTICA AT VERONA.

The sarcophagus was opened in the presence of representatives of the Italian Government and the City Council of Verona, with several eminent scholars. The heavy lid was removed with great difficulty. Can Grande, or Can Francesco, ruled in Verona from 1312 to 1329, and kept a brilliant Court. As Captain-General of the League of Ghibellines, he captured Vicenza and conquered Padua after a long struggle.

Photograph by Zucca Ugo (Torino).

AN EASTERN SETTING FOR WESTERN DANCERS: A LONDON GALA NIGHT.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



DECORATED AS A JAPANESE GARDEN IN SPRING, WITH WISTARIA AND ALMOND BLOSSOM: THE FOYER AT CLARIDGE'S ON THE OPENING NIGHT OF THE SEASON OF AFTER-DINNER DANCES AND SUPPERS.

The ball at Claridge's Hotel on October 5, opening the season of after-dinner dances and suppers, was a great success. A beautiful Eastern setting had been arranged for the occasion. The foyer was festooned with purple wisteria, almond blossom, japonica and white lilac, to represent a Japanese garden in spring, while the reception-rooms were decorated with yellow and bronze chrysanthemums. Several of the attendants were in Japanese costume. Part of the music was provided by a Russian orchestra. M. Chaliapin, the famous

Russian singer, who has been giving concerts in aid of the Russian famine sufferers, was among the guests. Society was there in force, represented by many well-known members of the aristocracy. They included the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, with their daughter, Lady Diana Duff-Cooper and her husband, and the Lord Chancellor and Viscountess Birkenhead. Another interesting personality present was Mr. Arnold Bennett, who, it is reported, was "an energetic dancer."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

AN "ELLIS ISLAND" FOR PLANTS: A QUARANTINE STATION FOR UNDESIRABLE ALIENS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE UNITED STATES



A SMUGGLER'S TRICK TO EVADE THE PLANT QUARANTINE ACT: MEXICAN "ALLIGATOR" PEARS HIDDEN IN HALF-BAKED LOAVES FOR IMPORT INTO THE UNITED STATES.



WITH GRUBS OF A PEST (AKIN TO THE JAPANESE BEETLE) UNKNOWN IN THE U.S.A.: JAPANESE IRIS ROOTS WITH INFESTED SOIL.



INVOICED AS "MEDICINE": A LIVING WOOD-BORING WORM IN A SHIPMENT FROM JAPAN.



A POTATO PEST FROM SOUTH AMERICA: ONE OF FOUR TYPES OF WEEVILS RECENTLY FOUND IN SHIPMENTS FROM THE ANDEAN REGION, EATING OUT A POTATO.

THE measures adopted to protect the United States from imported plant pests are described in an article by Mr. Charles Lester Marlatt, Chairman of the Federal Horticultural Board, U.S. Department of Agriculture, in a recent number of the "National Geographic Magazine," of Washington, from which the following extracts are taken: "Prior to 1912 there was no authority in law to protect the United States from the entry of new plant enemies. . . . Several years ago the Department of Agriculture issued a careful analysis of the losses caused to the principal crops of the United States by insect pests, showing that these losses amounted to upward of a billion dollars a year, a sum at that time more than sufficient to meet the entire cost of the administration of the Federal Government! That was under the old price of crops. Under recent prices these losses would approximate to two billion dollars annually. . . . More than 50 per cent. of these losses are due to insects and diseases which have come to us from foreign lands. Among these are some of the worst enemies of our principal crops. . . . The worst of all cotton pests is the pink bollworm, the larva of a minute moth. The larvae feed in the bolls and destroy the forming lint. This pest originated in India and reached Egypt about 15 years ago with some importations of cotton, and has since been distributed with Egyptian cotton seed to practically every cotton-producing country of the world. It reached Texas via Mexico in 1916, and since that time Congress has appropriated upward of 2,500,000 dol. to be used in an effort to exterminate this pest. The illustration shows the method of disinfecting Egyptian cotton. The entire row of cotton bales is carried at one time into a huge steel cylinder, shown at the end of the picture, by means of a movable platform. The cylinder then is hermetically closed and the air exhausted, creating a vacuum. The poisonous cyanide gas is then allowed to enter the cylinder, and the vacuum ensures penetration of this gas to the very centre of the bale, destroying all insects. This is the largest fumigating plant in the world, and each cylinder has a capacity of over 100 bales of cotton at one time. . . . The Irish potato and the Indian corn are the two great food crops of the world of American origin. The potato is supposed to have come originally from South America. It is now

discovered that in the Andean region this tuber is infested by a number of native weevils, which mine through the potatoes and render them worthless. It is a piece of tremendous good fortune to the world that the distribution of the potatoes has been from North America, where these weevils do not occur. Recent shipments of potatoes from the Andean region have resulted in the discovery of no less than four such weevils, one of which, with its work, is illustrated in one of the photographs. . . . The inspection and disinfection to which plants imported by the Office of Plant Introduction of the Department of Agriculture are subjected has during the last year been extended to most of the commercial importations. The room shown in the lower central illustration is equipped with a cylinder for fumigation under vacuum conditions, and with other disinfecting chambers and apparatus. . . . The Japanese beetle is another new pest of wide range of food habit and likely to cause in the near future tremendous annual losses to all kinds of fruits, including not only apple, pear



EQUIPPED WITH A BIG CYLINDER FOR FUMIGATION OF PLANT INTRODUCTION, U.S.



FOUND TO BE INFESTED WITH THE EUROPEAN CORN-BORER: A SHIPMENT OF ITALIAN BROOM-CORN WHICH ARRIVED AT NEW YORK.

and plum, etc., but also grape and small fruits. . . . The evidence indicates conclusively that it was introduced about a decade ago in soil with an importation of Japanese iris roots, and has now spread over a fairly large section of New Jersey and into contiguous portions of Pennsylvania. There is now no possibility of exterminating it, and its board bill will be a continuing charge, perhaps ranking ultimately with that of the San José scale. . . . The Department of Agriculture recently compiled and published a catalogue of the more dangerous insect enemies of plants in foreign countries which for the most part have not yet gained entry into the United States. . . . In it are listed some 3000 different foreign insect pests! . . . It is now pretty well established that the European corn-borer reached this country through shipments of Italian and Austro-Hungarian broom-corn. One photograph shows a shipment of Italian broom-corn which arrived at New York in February 1920, and on examination proved to be infested with this dreaded European pest. All foreign broom-



UNDER VACUUM CONDITIONS: A ROOM AT THE OFFICE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.



"GASSING" THE PINK BOLLWORM, THE WORST OF ALL COTTON PESTS, AT THE LARGEST FUMIGATING PLANT IN THE WORLD: BALES OF EGYPTIAN COTTON.

corn is now subjected to steam cooking as a condition of entry. This does not injure it for broom manufacture, but kills any harboured insects. The corn-borer illustrates the continuing risk of the entry of new pests with almost any sort of plant material, whether for manufacture or as packing for other articles of commerce, and indicates the breadth of the field which must be guarded if foreign plant pests are to be excluded. For some thirty or forty years prior to 1912, when there was no authority in law to control plant importations into the United States, the more important exporting European nations which were finding free markets in this country for their plant products—wiser than we—to protect their own cultures were prohibiting entry of living plants from the United States. . . . For example, no living plants from America have for many years been permitted to enter France, Germany or Holland, while similar or modified restrictions have been long enforced by other European countries. . . . Moist earth such as comes about many plants has been the source of entry of a host of our worst plant enemies, such as the Japanese beetle, the alfalfa weevil, and many others. No method of disinfecting such earth with poisons is possible without killing the plants. Moist earth is one of the best "gas masks," and many lives undoubtedly could have been saved in France if the soldiers, before the gas masks had been devised, had filled their handkerchiefs with moist soil and breathed through these at times of danger. The photograph shown is of Japanese iris roots, and in the surrounding soil are the grubs of a pest unknown in the United States, related to the Japanese beetle. Needless to say, this entire shipment was destroyed. . . . The Plant Quarantine Act of 1912 was the final outcome of a fourteen-year effort to secure authority to protect the United States, so far as possible from further entry of plant pests. . . . During the first seven years of the enforcement of the Act an effort was made to prevent the entry of new plant pests by relying as safeguards on foreign inspection and certification. These were made in the countries of export by the most expert officials available, and as an additional safeguard provision was made for re-inspection of these importations at destination in this country, either by Federal or by State inspectors. In spite of these safeguards numbers of injurious insects and plant diseases were



SEARCHING FOR FUNGI AND INSECTS AMONG LILIES-OF-THE-VALLEY ROOTS: PATIENT WORK BY EXPERTS AT A HORTICULTURAL "ELLIS ISLAND" IN THE UNITED STATES.



HOLDING A BAG OF PEARS HIDDEN IN A WOMAN'S SKIRTS: A TEXAS CUSTOMS INSPECTRESS.

Continued.] being brought to the United States every year. . . . During this seven-year period, 1912-1919, there were received from Holland 1051 infested shipments, involving 148 kinds of insect pests; from Belgium 1306 infested shipments, involving 64 kinds of insects; from France 247 infested shipments, involving 89 kinds of insects; from England 154 infested shipments, involving 62 kinds of insects; from Japan 291 infested shipments, involving 100 kinds of insects, and from Germany 12 infested shipments, involving 15 kinds of insect pests. . . . It is not possible, without the destruction of the plants, to disintegrate and make an adequate examination of soil, and no disinfection of such soil has proved possible without killing the plants. There is risk of entry through the medium of soil of a vast number of insects. . . . The experts of the Department of Agriculture and of the several States reached the conclusion that the only possible solution

of this problem, which was constantly becoming more serious with the widening of commerce, is the policy of practical exclusion of all plant stock not absolutely essential to the horticultural, floricultural, and forestry needs of the United States. The existing control of plant importations is based on this principle. . . . Ample provision has been made for the importation into the United States of any plant whatsoever, whether for introduction, experimentation, scientific or other purpose. In other words, no plants are absolutely denied entry into the United States. . . . Under permits, entry has been authorised of upward of 16,000,000 of so-called "prohibited plants," involving, approximately, 5000 different kinds of plants. These importations are now being propagated and reproduced in hundreds of establishments in some twenty-five different States."

FLYING UP AFTER THE "BIRDS": BALLOON-SHOOTING, A NEW FORM OF SPORT BECOMING POPULAR WITH AIRMEN.

Specially Drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by C. E. TURNER.



THE NEW AIR SPORT: "POTTING" SMALL BALLOONS WITH A SHOT-GUN FROM AN AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT—A PIONEER MATCH OVER CROYDON AERODROME.

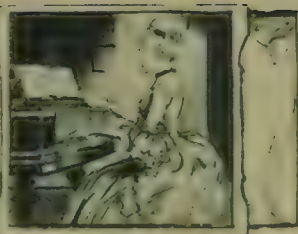
Many members of the Royal Aero Club, it is said, are going in for the new sport of balloon-shooting, or balloon-potting, as it is variously called, and several challenges have been issued, to be decided at week-ends at Croydon Aerodrome. One match (here illustrated) has already taken place there, between Colonel Riske and Colonel Spenser Grey, for a wager of £25. The event was thus described in *Flight*, the well-known aeronautics paper: "One of the Avros, piloted by Captain Muir, and with Colonel Riske armed with a shot-gun loaded with dust-shot in the passenger's seat, ascended; and then at two-minute intervals three small hydrogen-filled balloons, which rose at 300 ft. a minute, were released. Colonel Riske, thanks to some fine piloting by Captain Muir, and extraordinary marksmanship on his own part, shot down all three balloons with only three shots in 8 minutes 21 seconds. The second Avro then ascended, piloted

by Major Draper and with Colonel Spenser Grey as marksman; but, although he fired several shots and brought down the first balloon, the last two rose into the clouds and were lost." The machine shown in the centre of our drawing is the Avro (type 504K), piloted by Captain Muir, with Colonel Riske as gunner. According to the plan arranged, the aeroplane was flown beneath the balloons, and, when in position, the pilot "stalled" the machine. This caused the speed to decrease, and when at the top of the "stall," Colonel Riske shot down each balloon during the pause before the nose of the machine fell. This manoeuvre was successful each time a balloon was attacked. The new sport, which is very exciting, will doubtless prove an added attraction at aviation meetings. It is evident that, as in polo, the "mount" plays an important part in the game.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

By EDWARD J. DENT.



MODERN ENGLISH SONGS.

THERE are a few of our singers—a very few at present, but still an increasing number—who when they give recitals set before themselves the task of introducing their audiences to the songs of contemporary composers. Mr. Plunket Greene, in the days when he gave more recitals than he does now, was a leader in this form of missionary work; and there are many young composers who look back with gratitude on the memory of Gervase Elwes. Other singers who have always championed the interests of the young composer are Miss Gladys Moger and Mrs. Anne Thursfield. Recently Mr. John Coates has devoted himself to giving recitals of contemporary English songs. At the Chelsea Town Hall a fortnight ago he sang a programme which included twenty different English composers of the present day; a large number of the songs were unpublished and performed in public for the first time.

To judge from the applause, one might have imagined that they were all masterpieces. But the applause was only too often excited by the singer and not the composer. To listen to Mr. Coates is a wonderful lesson in the technique of interpretation: without ever overstepping the limit of artistic propriety, he manages to delude his audience into thinking that they are stirred by songs which, without being downright bad, are often weak or clumsy in expression. He does it, too, with an air of complete self-effacement; he would never dream of sacrificing a composer's intention in order to make a popular singer's successful point. Whatever skilful deceptions he may practise, he employs entirely for the composer's benefit.

A noticeable feature of this recital was the number of modern songs set to poems of the past. It was noticeable, too, in another recent programme—the recital given last week by Mr. Steuart Wilson. The setting of old poems is a dangerous practice. It leads only too often to the reprehensible pursuit of " quaintness " and " daintiness." This pursuit is a very English weakness; it shows itself in many other things besides music. It is the negation of art; it is the substitution of " taste " for passion; at its best it only amounts to well-mannered small-talk that serves to mask an utter want of genuine feeling. Fine scholarship may sometimes excuse it: Mr. W. G. Whittaker's " Diaphenia," sung by Mr. Coates, was so neat and finished in workmanship that it could hardly fail to give pleasure. Among all these affectations one song on Mr. Coates's programme stood out—it stood out, indeed, from his whole programme—as a noble and beautiful thing—Denis Browne's " To Gratiana Singing and Dancing." It is worth while considering this song in detail, to see what gives it its peculiar power. The poem, by Lovelace, describes a lady dancing to her own singing. The pianoforte plays the tune to which she dances, and the voice comments upon it. The song is obviously modelled on one of the Christmas songs of Peter Cornelius in which the singer comments in recitative-like phrases on the Epiphany Chorale played by the pianoforte. Denis Browne, who was a singularly well-read musician for his age—he was twenty-six when he was killed in Gallipoli—of course knew Cornelius's songs, and had a sufficiently acute sense of criticism to see their merits and their weaknesses. The first stimulus to the composition was an " Allmayne " by an anonymous Jacobean composer, preserved for us by the none-too-careful hand of a lady of the Commonwealth, and now in the British Museum. Denis Browne took

this old dance in its original simplicity, and set Lovelace's words against it in the unobtrusive, speaking style of a Jacobean composer. Played on the pianoforte the old music lost its charm; the vocal writing was too modest to add anything new to it. He discarded this version and rewrote the



TO SING AT THE ALBERT HALL ON OCTOBER 16:
MME. MARGUERITE D'ALVAREZ.

This autumn Mme. d'Alvarez has limited her appearances in London to two—one which took place at the Albert Hall on October 2, and another which will be made at the same place on the 16th.—[Photograph by Faberge.]

" Allmayne," transcribing it boldly as a modern pianoforte piece, with huge spreading chords and rich modern harmonies. It was a dangerous experiment, but he had judgment enough to see that the tune in itself was so firm and strong that it could impose its own character and line upon any amount of modern colour. The faint echo from the past became in its new setting a procession of Vandykes or Lelys, so magnificent and

of his voice in them. From first to last that song was a work of deliberate constructive intention, not thrown off as a momentary inspiration, but designed, rewritten, ingeniously fitted note to note until every note was in exactly the right place. The result is a song which singers love, a song which puts a pianist on his mettle, a song which, whenever it has been sung at a concert, has invariably roused its audience to enthusiasm.

The more recent songs in Mr. Coates's programme were of very variable quality—some painfully amateurish, some unpleasantly professional. It was rather a pity that Mr. Coates was so generous with his encores, for songs of such very short and epigrammatic character as appear to be now in fashion do not bear repeating, even when they really are worth singing once.

Mr. Steuart Wilson's programme was much more homogeneous—indeed, it would have gained by a little more variety. Mr. Wilson is an admirably sympathetic exponent of that style which was created by Vaughan Williams, and has since found various imitators. Some years ago a certain group hoped to evolve a genuinely English style of composition on a basis of English folk-songs and the traditions of our old English composers. A school has been formed; one's only fear is lest it should fall a prey to mere mannerism. It is very easy to write imitation folk-songs; it is very easy to go a certain distance in writing modal harmonies with a certain sense of dignity and restraint. Yet at this concert, after listening to so many examples of antique words set in a quasi-archaic style by living composers, it was a joyous relief—a relief which the singer himself seemed to share—to feel the genuine forward-looking passion of the real Elizabethan musicians. In this programme, too, one song stood out sharply from the rest by virtue of its deliberate skill and fine workmanship—Mr. R. O. Morris's " It Fell upon a Summer's Day," and, like Denis Browne's " Gratiana " at Mr. Coates's concert, it made an instant impression upon the audience.

We must be grateful to such singers as these, who, if they are not always able to make up a programme of masterpieces, do at least give us programmes in which there is hardly ever a poem that has not a high standard of literary merit. It is something that an audience should have such printed words put into their hands and hear them uttered as men like Mr. Coates and Mr. Wilson utter them. Singers who maintain such a level in the choice of the words that they sing are doing valuable service towards counteracting the flood of fatuity which has changed little since the days when Hubert Parry described popular songs as " three-verse epitomes of three-volume novels." Mr. Coates is at the top of his fame, and can always count on a crowded and enthusiastic audience. He realises the responsibilities of his gifts and of his popularity: he chooses what he knows to be good; he makes himself the interpreter of the young and unknown English composer. He is ably seconded



A GREAT TENOR TO APPEAR WITH MISS MARY GARDEN: M. LAPPAS.

M. Lappas, who sang at Covent Garden in 1920, has now been engaged by Miss Mary Garden to appear in " La Tosca," " Pagliacci," and other operas in New York and Chicago. He has an exceptionally beautiful voice.

Photograph by Alban.

stately that the original voice-part was completely useless against it; where the words expressed an ecstasy of admiration it disappeared into utterly ineffective registers of the voice. The composer simply re-wrote it from beginning to end, in broad, sweeping phrases rising to a carefully planned climax that allowed the singer to make the most

by his accompanist, Mr. Berkeley Mason, who seems to have a magical intuition and sympathy for the underlying poetry of every conceivable style. We must be grateful to both of them, for they are pioneers making the pathway easier for all younger singers, song-writers, and composers of sincere and noble aspiration.

HOW MOSCOW'S "NEW POOR" LIVE: HAWKING HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



LIFE in Moscow, as our readers may remember, was described in our issue of September 17, in the words of a French Communist, M. André Julien, who spent some three months there and at Petrograd. "Coming from the direction of the boulevards," he writes, "we got amidst the sellers of shoes, stuffs, clothes, and odds and ends. They are itinerant vendors; they hold their goods in their arms. There is jewellery to be had, silver, and ornaments. An actress came to me one day, and offered to sell me her theatrical costumes and furs. It is mostly the peasants who buy luxuries. Satirical plays show "izbas"

(peasants' huts) containing grand pianos and gramophones, and numerous watches hanging on the walls. This market is the scene of great animation." Very much the same thing went on before free trading was permitted, for a similar scene was illustrated in our issue of December 20, 1919, from information supplied by Sir Paul Dukes. The Bolsheviks then tried to check the trade, and bands of Guards used to chase the sellers away and sometimes confiscate their goods. But for many people this was the sole means of livelihood, and it was pursued on too large a scale to be suppressed. All classes were represented among the sellers.

INCLUDING A BABY'S BONNET, DRESS MATERIALS, JEWELLERY, AND ORNAMENTS: PEOPLE FORMERLY IN A GOOD POSITION OFFERING THEIR BELONGINGS FOR SALE IN THE SMOLENSK MARKET AT MOSCOW.

Whatever may be the woes of the New Poor in this country, they are nothing to those of Russia. Many people in Moscow and Petrograd who were well off, or even rich, before the Revolution, have been reduced to selling their household goods in the streets in order to obtain food. Some typical examples are shown in the above photograph, recently taken, we are informed, in the Smolensk Market at Moscow. Prominent among the articles offered for sale will be

noticed a baby's bonnet. Among the various things spread out on the ground are toys, pictures, fans, jewellery, music, ornaments, cups and saucers, candlesticks, clothes, lace, embroidery, and dress materials. Since the Bolsheviks found it necessary to recognise private trading, this kind of business has been done openly, whereas before it was more or less surreptitious, and the vendor was liable to penalties.

WONDER PLACES OF THE WORLD: III.—A FALL THAT DWARFS NIAGARA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. M. CHRYSTALL.



WITH A SHEER DROP OF OVER EIGHT HUNDRED FEET, FIVE TIMES THE HEIGHT OF NIAGARA: THE IMMENSE KAIETEUR FALL, ON THE POTARO RIVER, IN BRITISH GUIANA.

Huge as the Niagara Falls are, they are dwarfed in point of height by the tremendous Kaieteur Fall on the Potaro River, a tributary of the Essequibo, in British Guiana. The waters of the Potaro here descend in a perpendicular drop of 840 feet. The width varies from 350 feet in the dry season to 400 feet in the rainy season, and the depth of water passing over similarly ranges from a few feet to twenty feet. The river is thirty-five feet deep about a quarter of a

mile above the edge, even in very dry seasons. The rock face of the cataract is of sandstone, with a capping of harder conglomerate. It has been estimated that, if used for the purpose of producing electricity, the chief fall alone would supply over two million horse power. The Kaieteur Fall is situated about 220 miles inland from Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana. It was discovered by C. B. Brown in 1870.

A CHECK ON "CA' CANNY"? CAPACITY TESTS FOR THE HUMAN MACHINE.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I., AFTER AN ILLUSTRATION IN THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."



MEASURING A MAN'S OUTPUT OF ENERGY IN PUSHING A WHEELBARROW UP A SLOPE: A SCIENTIFIC "TREADMILL," INVENTED BY A FRENCH PHYSIOLOGIST FOR TESTING SOLDIERS, LABOURERS, AND STUDENTS.

A man's capacity for exertion can be tested scientifically by the apparatus here illustrated. It will show, for example, whether greater efficiency can be obtained by pushing or dragging a load, and what is the most economic load for a man of given physique for a given slope. The machine was invented by the French physiologist Professor Langlois, with the aid of M. Hallé, an engineer, for the French War Office. It consists of a leather platform 10 yards long, stretched between two drums, and moving on the escalator principle, but, like a treadmill, in the reverse direction to the walker, thus keeping him at the same spot while he is in motion. It is driven by a 5-h.p. electric motor, seen in the right foreground underneath the platform. A device for

testing the lung action is fixed to the mouth and connected to recording instruments. On the left below is a sensitive mechanism for making graphs on a smoked cylinder. The "Scientific American" says: "A wattmeter shows the power absorbed by the motor, a tachymeter gives the speed of the motion of the carpet, and the degree of the inclination of the apparatus is indicated by an arrow moving over a graduated dial. . . . The Langlois apparatus enables us, for the first time, to obtain a record, during the very act of walking, of the rhythm of the heart and of the blood pressure; increase of temperature, variations in tremors, and even (by X-rays) the form of organs, especially contraction and expansion of the heart."—[Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]

BELGIC FASHIONS IN ANCIENT BRITAIN: WOMEN IN ROMAN TIMES.

DRAWINGS BY A. FORESTIER.



DRESSED LIKE THEIR KINSFOLK IN GAUL: ANCIENT BRITISH WOMEN OF BELGIC RACE AT THE TIME OF THE ROMAN INVASION—VARIOUS ITEMS OF THEIR COSTUME.

In his article on a later page Mr. Forestier points out that the people of South Britain at the time of Cæsar's invasion belonged to a race akin to the Belgæ, of Gaul. Describing the various articles of women's attire shown above, he says: "1 and 2. The dress consisted fundamentally of a short tunic worn next to the skin, and over it a long tunic reaching to the ankles, and fastened across the shoulders by brooches. It was made of woollen cloth in various colours. It was distinctive of the Gauls, but was also in use in Rome at an early date, and called a Laena. 3. A kirtle bound round the body by a belt. This was the kilt, worn originally by Scandinavian and Danish women in the Bronze Age—2500 B.C., as shown by an exhibit in Copenhagen Museum. It became a petticoat. 4. A second tunic or blouse, made of linen, with short wide sleeves, thrown over the first. It was shorter and did not reach below the knees. Over it is a cloak, the Roman *sagum*, an unfashioned large piece of stuff draped round the body,

or fastened at the throat by a large brooch. Similar to the Greek *himation*, it could be worn in various ways, and used against the rain, like a shawl; in fact, the Scotch plaid. Gaulish women would bring it over their head, like a hood, in sign of affliction. 5 and 6. Instead of the second tunic, another garment—the mar, a jacket in shape like the leather jerkin under a breast-plate—either sleeveless or with short sleeves—was used among the northern peoples. 7. Women fastened their hair with horn combs, and also used woollen nets or tied a kerchief made of linen or silk of bright and variegated colours. They used pins, and were acquainted with all details of toilet. Noblewomen wore gold circlets and rings. 8. A fur-lined cloak, worn as the Scottish plaid. 9. A noble lady in ceremonial dress. 10. The cloak as worn by the Caledonians in winter. 11. The head-covering—woollen nets and brightly coloured kerchiefs."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

WARRIORS CÆSAR FOUGHT IN BRITAIN: KINSMEN OF THE BELGÆ.

DRAWINGS BY A. FORESTIER.



CLOSELY RELATED TO THE GAULS AND LIKE THEM FOND OF ORNATE ARMOUR: ANCIENT BRITISH WARRIORS OF BELGIC RACE; FEASTING; AND PREPARED FOR BATTLE.

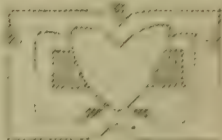
At the feast (No. 1) the warriors are seated on flat stones. There is no furniture in the hut: they might sit on bundles of hay or straw. The table is a rough-hewn block of wood, and sundry pots are placed on it containing food. The meat is grilled or roasted. Each guest cuts his piece off the joint (there were no forks), and eats it on his knees, with brown bread. He drinks his beer from the drinking horn which the daughter of the house assiduously fills. The men wear their hair loose, except for two long plaits which hang in front. Their chins are shaved, but they wear enormous moustaches. Their dress consists of a short tunic over a shirt (though the shirt is not there in every case), and over the tunic a leather jerkin or jacket sometimes with the fur on. The belt is decorated with copper plates, and from it depends a bronze dagger which they use, if need be, for cutting their food. Some are bare-legged, with leggings on, fastened with leather thongs; they wear shoes without soles. The

tunic is dyed in bright colour, and so is the cloak. They are shown without their formidable swords, left in the safe keeping of their squires; or it may be that this is a peaceful occasion, some meeting of a hunting party, and that no important weapon is needed, nor any war helmet. The next group (No. 2) shows other types. The man on the right wears a kilt; the one on the left, trews of a chequered pattern; and the man in the middle is clad in a white woollen tunic with red stripes and border. In the third drawing, different types of warriors are gathered on the seashore watching the enemy's approach. A chief in a helmet decorated with bull's horns carries a great sword. Some of the men are mounted, and, like most of the other warriors, carry the small round buckler, in some cases with bronze fittings. Some long late Celtic shields are shown also, one made of wicker—a light, serviceable means of defence when lined with hard leather.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



FROM THE COLUMN OF ANTONINUS IN THE LOUVRE: THE HEAD OF A GAULISH WARRIOR.

OUR BELGIC ANCESTORS: EARLY BRITONS OF THE ROMAN CONQUEST PERIOD.



THE people inhabiting the South of Britain at the time of the Roman invasion were not, properly speaking, the Brythons, who gave their name to Britain and had formed the second wave of Celtic invaders, but Belgæ, who spoke a similar language, and were originally part of the Gaulish

customs and dress with the Gauls of the mainland. They had brought with them their arts and crafts, were in possession of the loom, and could dye stuffs as well as weave them.

Well acquainted with the metal industry that had flourished in Britain during the Bronze Age, they were in possession of bronze implements, though in limited quantities, as they were leading chiefly a pastoral life, devoid of luxurious surroundings.

The inhabitants of Gaul, on the contrary, displayed their love of finery by the truly magnificent armour worn by the important leaders and the wealthy members of the population.

It is worth noting here that, like the Gauls, the Belgæ contented themselves at first with roughly-built shelters, the walls made of rough stones, covered by a roof of branches, through which the smoke of the hearth found its way by an opening between the branches at the top. There was no special apartment for women, and all lay round the hut on couches made of straw or dried leaves covered with skins.

Let us consider the ordinary state of their dwellings. A hut, circular, or sometimes rectangular in shape, was used by one family. A hole in the centre of the hut received the slops and served as a drain, which emptied itself through a channel along the hillside.

Several huts would constitute a village, defended at first only by felled trees—a poor barrier, indeed, against a determined enemy—but, as time went on, by strong palisades. The Gaulish chiefs, however, had several establishments or farms scattered in the midst of the thick forests, to which they went, according to fancy, to hunt, following the banks of the rivers or of the marshes, where they also fished extensively.

They had large herds of swine and numerous horses and cattle. One can understand how, with his disregard of home decoration, the Gaul or Belgian carried all his ornaments upon his person and showed himself richly attired when he went out. It was not quite so in the larger part of Britain, where the chiefs alone or the head of the family wore bronze helmets and carried bronze shields covered with bronze bosses.

The Iron Age had hardly begun for these northern races. Iron, in fact, was among the Gauls rarer than gold. All weapons, spear-heads, daggers, and swords were, therefore, made of bronze. Many were of foreign origin, and obtained through exchange with Continental merchants. Axes were still made of stone where metal ones were too costly, but in that case were very finely made.

The conditions of life among some of these rude peoples were hard, as revealed by the excavations of the Glastonbury lake-dwellings, for instance, where no comfort existed, lost as they were in a remote district and exposed to the raids of their enemies, the Brythons, whom they had dispossessed. Conditions, however, differed in the South of England—in Kent, for example, which was thickly populated

and in continuous intercourse with the people's kinsfolk, the Atrebates of Gaul. Members of the same tribe were settled north and south of the Thames, and they traded together, as well as with the Morini, a kindred tribe. The Atrebates of Britain had gradually grown wealthy in consequence, though not to the same degree as their Gaulish brothers, and had become fond of social

intercourse in their barbarous way. In the same manner—

their dwellings had improved, and, while the common and poor people still lived in wattle and daub huts, the well-to-do had built some wooden houses wherein they exercised their rough hospitality.

In dress they followed closely the Gauls, who were passionately fond of personal adornment, and wore as many jewels as they could.

The Celts had a special aptitude for working the metals, as is proved by the enormous quantities of different tools found in the monuments of the Bronze and Iron Ages. There were found swords, axes, halberds, spearheads, and helmets, as well as many utensils and objects such as mirrors, cups, pins, and brooches, some of them beautifully decorated, some made of pure gold or gilt, others of bronze, silver, lead, iron, or zinc. Precious chains were used by men to hang their copper swords. Copper was most in use for that purpose among the Gauls.

If, in accordance with ancient traditions, they rushed to the fight half-naked, showing tattooed bodies smeared over with the blue juice of the woad, they would on occasion appear sumptuously dressed. They wore woollen cloth in all grades of texture, and were fond of the chequered pattern from which the Scottish tartan is directly derived.

The above much abbreviated notes, intended merely to accompany the present illustrations of early British dress, were drawn from the following sources: Introduction by W. K. Sullivan, Ph.D., to the Lectures on the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish, by Eugene O'Curry, M.R.I.A. Amédée Thierry: "Histoire des Gaulois depuis les Temps les plus Reculés." (Peuples Gaulois des Iles Britanniques.) Racinet: "Le Costume Historique"; articles: Gaulois, Grande Bretagne, and Celtique. S. R. Meyrick: "Costume of the

A PRIMITIVE GAUL'S HEAD: A TYPE OF "TALL, BLONDE WARRIORS WHO SCoured EUROPE."



SKILLED IN WEAVING AND, LIKE THEIR CONTINENTAL SISTERS IN GAUL, FOND OF PERSONAL ADORNMENT: WOMEN OF BELGIC TYPE IN ROMAN BRITAIN ENGAGED IN SPINNING.

Drawn by A. Forestier.

nation living in the northern region of Gaul from the Rhine to the Seine.

These Belgæ, who formed a large confederation, were in part undoubtedly Teutonic, while three of the chief tribes of Belgica were probably of pure Gallic descent; that is, they came from that race of tall blonde warriors who scoured the whole of Europe, besides parts of Asia and Africa, and were known as Galates or Galls, anterior to the Germans in history. They had advanced from as far off as the Elbe on Gaulish territory, driving the Gauls before them, until they occupied the land as far south as Soissons and Reims. There they settled and became part of the general population. While keeping most of their Germanic characteristics, they in their turn had to resist the further invasions of other Germans.

One may consider that a gradual occupation of Britain by the Belgæ took place from 400 to 100 B.C.; but the chief invasions happened about the latter date, when the "Suessiones" launched upon their conquest of the island under their King Divitiacus, who ruled on both sides of the Channel. Well provided with ships, they crossed the Channel, then probably less wide than at present—as one may infer from the erosion of land by the sea—and at last gained a permanent foothold, extending north as far as the Severn, and chasing their Celtic predecessors, the Brythons, to the western fastnesses of Wales and Cornwall.

Less advanced, perhaps, than the contemporaneous Gauls, especially those of Southern France, where the Roman civilising influence had been felt for some time, the Belgæ, on the other hand, were, if ruder, more bellicose, owing to their having been in immediate contact with the Germanic tribes with whom they were constantly at war. On the whole, however, they were identical in



AKIN TO THE BELGÆ OF GAUL AND ALMOST AS CIVILISED: A BRITISH CHIEF OF ROMAN TIMES, IN CHEQUERED TREWS, WITH BRONZE WEAPONS AND HELMET; AND HIS WIFE.

Drawn by A. Forestier.

Inhabitants of the British Isles." Copenhagen Museum: Dresses of the Bronze Age. *The Illustrated London News*: Dr. Bulleid's works on the Glastonbury Lake Village; with drawings and reconstructions by A. Forestier. British Museum: Guide to the Antiquities of the Bronze Age; Guide to the Antiquities of the Early Iron Age. Garnier: "L'Habitation Humaine." A. FORESTIER.

MR. W. B. LEEDS AND PRINCESS XENIA OF RUSSIA: A PARIS WEDDING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P.N.A. AND T.P.A.



LEAVING THE RUSSIAN CHURCH AFTER THE SECOND RELIGIOUS CEREMONY:
THE BRIDAL CORTÈGE OF PRINCESS XENIA AND MR. LEEDS.



AFTER THE THREE CEREMONIES: MR. WILLIAM B. LEEDS AND HIS
BRIDE, PRINCESS XENIA OF RUSSIA.



SIGNING THE REGISTER AT THE AMERICAN EPISCOPALIAN CHURCH:
THE BRIDE, PRINCESS XENIA OF RUSSIA.



THE WEDDING GROUP (L. TO R.): BACK ROW, PRINCE ROLAND BONAPARTE, GRAND DUKE DIMITRI, PRINCE POUTIATIN, PRINCESS NINA AND PRINCESS POUTIATIN;
(SEATED) PRINCESS GEORGE, PRINCE CHRISTOPHER, PRINCESS CHRISTOPHER, THE BRIDEGROOM, THE BRIDE, THE GRAND DUCHESS GEORGE, QUEEN OLGA AND THE
GRAND DUCHESS ANASTASIA; AND IN FRONT, PRINCE PETER AND PRINCESS EUGÉNIE.

The marriage of Mr. William B. Leeds, the eighteen-year-old son of Princess Christopher of Greece (formerly Mrs. W. B. Leeds) and Princess Xenia of Russia, who was born in August 1903, the daughter of the Grand Duchess George of Russia, took place in Paris. The civil ceremony was performed on Saturday, October 8, at the Mairie of the First Arrondissement, and the religious ceremonies—at the American Church and afterwards at the Russian Church—were celebrated on Sunday, October 9. Prince Christopher of Greece, uncle of the bride, was the witness for the bridegroom, his stepson; and the Grand Duke Dimitri, son of the late Grand Duke Paul of Russia, was the witness for the bride. At the

religious ceremony at the American Episcopal Church, Princess Xenia was escorted by her uncle, the Grand Duke Alexander. She wore a white satin gown, and her Court train was carried by Prince Peter and Princess Eugénie, children of Princess George of Greece. The elaborate ceremonial of the service in the Russian Church was a striking contrast to the simple ceremony at the American Church. Our photograph of the bridal cortège shows the bride and bridegroom leaving the Russian Church, followed by Prince Peter and Princess Eugénie, the train-bearers, Queen Olga, and the Grand Duke Dimitri, followed by the Grand Duke Alexander and the Grand Duchess George.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE GONDOLIERS," AT THE PRINCE'S.

MORE and more it looks as if a Gilbert and Sullivan repertory season might be made an annual institution in London, and obviously it is not merely the veteran admirers of the Savoy operas who are making Mr. Rupert Carte's enterprise so profitable. The rush to the booking office, the letters and cables from distant parts asking for seats, the full houses of the past week, cannot to any marked degree be put down to the ardour of age anxious to revive impressions of forty years ago. Actual study of the audiences disproves that idea, though old stagers who can recall the first nights of "The Pirates" and the rest may sprinkle stalls and gallery. No, it is the younger generation, resolved possibly to sample "what father likes," but also, no doubt, familiar almost from birth with the melodies of the Savoy scores, which is giving Gilbert and Sullivan their new boom and finding its curiosity rewarded with enjoyment. Fortunately, in the revival of "The Gondoliers," which has started the new season so auspiciously, they can make the acquaintance of a sufficient number of artists trained in the old traditions to realise what the original productions were like. We had better singing in Savoy days from the women singers in the cast than is to be heard to-day at the Prince's; but Mr. Henry Lytton, Mr. Leo Sheffield, and Miss Bertha Lewis have got the old touch to perfection, and no one has ever rendered "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes" more gaily or more musically than Mr. Derek Oldham. In him youth speaks to youth through an old and perennially gracious medium.

"DIFF'RENT," AT EVERYMAN'S.

A striking little play of Mr. Eugene O'Neill's given just now in the Everyman Theatre's bill, "Diff'rent," makes a visit up to Hampstead, playgoers will discover, well worth while—worth while as much for the acting as for the piece itself. Stern realism is Mr. O'Neill's strong point, and this quality of his is shown

in a sketch of sex-starved spinsterhood under two aspects. First, you see a priggish girl so rigid in her puritanism that she punishes herself and her lover on the eve of their marriage by sending him packing just because this sailor-man confesses to a venial lapse on one of his voyages. Next, you see the same woman thirty years later, made up with dyed hair and rouged cheeks, and pathetically hoping she can find the love she has long refused herself with a lad so young she



PRINCESS MARY AND THE CITY OF LONDON POLICE RESERVE: H.R.H. PRESENTING LONG-SERVICE MEDALS.

On Sunday, October 9, it was the turn of the City of London Police Reserve (Special Constabulary) to receive their Long Service medals. Princess Mary made the presentations to 100 officers and to 38 next-of-kin of members of the Force who died after earning the medal. The 1300 men on parade were handed their medals by Lord Marshall, Sir Vansittart Bowater, Alderman E. C. Moore, and Sheriff de Courcy Moore. The ceremony took place in the Inner Temple Gardens.—(Photograph by S. and G.)

might be his mother. Whether such a woman would have developed that way, and whether her old lover, when he found what she had become, would have gone and hanged himself, are matters in the story which are perhaps open to criticism; but the scene in which the heroine tries to deck herself out to please the young man is full of poignant truthfulness, and is acted by Miss Jean Cadell with startling intensity.

"THE GOLDEN MOTH," AT THE ADELPHI.

"Robert Macaire," or the "Robert Macaire" motif, at all events, converted into musical comedy—that is what we are offered at the Adelphi in "The Golden Moth"; and with Mr. Michaelis as a singing Macaire, known in this case as "the Blackbird," and with the inimitable Mr. W. H. Berry as an up-to-date Jacques Strop, confined to the petty crimes of the partnership of rogues, the old-new scheme gives every promise of providing in time a very bright and diverting entertainment. Mr. Berry's "crook" part is already vastly funny, and is going to be funnier; Mr. Michaelis, Mr. Thorpe Bates, and Miss Nancie Lovat, the dainty-looking heroine, are provided with plenty of taking tunes by the composer, Mr. Ivor Novello, who possesses a real gift for light music; and the parade of costumes in the last act is as dazzling a show as anything of the kind now to be seen in town.

"THE HOTEL MOUSE," AT THE QUEEN'S.

It is rather a pity that Captain Harwood and Miss Tennyson Jesse, in adapting "The Hotel Mouse" from the French, were not more courageous in defining the relationship of some of the characters of the play—their squeamishness only makes for obscurity; and it is also to be regretted that they did not plump definitely for making their version frankly farcical, instead of letting it hover between comedy-farce and melodrama; for all that it wants to render it quite successful is pace. With the too many acts shortened, with half-an-hour cut out of the action, and a general briskening up of the players' work, it is likely to please. The topsy-turvy morality of the "crooks," the droll prudishness of its heroine, so precocious and incurable in her thieving instincts, lend to the fun and excitement of the story a rare piquancy. Mr. Holman Clark is the dearest of old things as the crook who insists oracularly that even thieves have their moral code. Miss Dorothy Minto is enough of a tomboy if too little of an innocent in the rôle of the heroine; Mr. Henry Kendall and Mr. De Warfaz nicely contrast the chivalrous Englishman and an excitable Brazilian; and Miss Muriel Pratt submits a rather stagey study of a married woman with an appetite for adventure.



NELSON

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LADIES' NEWS.

THE King and Queen are back again in London, and are, I am told, looking splendidly well after their holiday in the Highlands, which has been most healthful, as the weather admitted of much of it being spent in the open. There will be entertaining for the Prince of Wales previous to his departure for a long tour in the East. Many people think that his Royal Highness should not have been allowed to go, with India in the seethe of unrest that it is. Nowadays we might all realise that, whatever the King, the Queen, and the Prince believe to be their duty, that they will do, irrespective of personal risk or of personal fatigue or inconvenience. Those who have been most in India believe that the Prince's visit will have a splendid effect; and the risk, they say, is largely counteracted by the care that will be taken to guard a young man who would not trouble to guard himself. The Queen just hates parting with her eldest son, who surrounds her Majesty with all those little cares that mothers love, but the Queen's watchword is patriotism. The Prince is taking the keenest personal interest in his own outfit for his trip, and looks forward to it greatly.

Dress for the autumn promises very well from the point of view of style and grace. The chief characteristics of the new materials are their softness and smooth surface, albeit that the favourites are all wool. If we would show the most luxurious and expensive of taste of to-day, we must alter the word in the old song and have it, "And ye shall walk in wool attire." If we wander through the salons devoted to the new models at Marshall and Snelgrove's—and a most fascinating wander it will prove—we shall realise that wool fabrics and fur trimmings are the things for our new outfits. So far I have not seen either green, blue, or purple Persian lamb. Friends who have been in Paris tell me that dyeing this particular fur to match the costume is very *chic*. Mary would not recognise her little lamb if it persisted in following her even to her taste in colour. I doubt if Mary would even approve regarding her as a typically English person. Persian lamb made a triumphant entrée last season in its natural silver-grey colour, and dressed very softly. It did not, however, develop into a vogue, possibly because of the cost. Velour-de-laine trimmed with fur is smart, and there is a variety of it with dotted raised surface that is very fascinating. A three-quarter length coat, and a coat of rust-red cloth of this kind, with a bordering round of grey Persian lamb, the collar of the coat rolled and standing back a bit

from the neck, looks very smart. The skirts of the coat are pleated, and flow a little over the hips, falling in uneven lengths towards the back. The skirt



A FUR-TRIMMED GEORGETTE DRESS

There are three bands of astrakhan on the hem of this georgette dress, which is further adorned by graduated tucks.

Photograph by Keystone View Co.

is plain, and of plain, not knapped, velour-de-laine and it almost reaches the ankles. A cap of the fur with two rust-red and one scarlet quill feather goes

quite jauntily with this very satisfactory costume. The coat, I may say, clearly indicates the waist line in its natural position.

Mr. and Lady Winifred Pennoyer are going to spend the winter in London, and have taken Lord and Lady Pembroke's house in Belgrave Square. Lady Pembroke being Lady Winifred's sister. It is a delightful house, altered and decorated under Lord and Lady Pembroke's personal superintendence. Owing to the war, the process was a long one, and Lord Pembroke used to say he did not believe the job would be done in his lifetime. Lady Winifred Pennoyer's husband is a member of the Staff of the American Embassy. She has the education of her son, the Earl of Shrewsbury, Premier Earl of England, to see to. He will be seven in December, and is a handsome boy, and has the sporting instincts inherited from his father and grandfather. A. E. L.

M. Camille Blanc, President and Chairman of the "Société des Bains de Mer et du Cercle des Etrangers de Monaco," whose courtesy to all, and particularly to English and American visitors, is proverbial, is giving another proof of his desire to please these most welcome guests. A delightful spot at Cap Fleuri, one of the prettiest places on the French Riviera, only a stone's throw from the Principality, has been bought by the "Société des Bains de Mer," and is being transformed into the very best pigeon-shooting ground imaginable, to suit the requirements and tastes of its members and their guests. Money is lavishly spent to procure the best of everything and to stimulate the energy of the crowd of workmen employed, so that there is every hope of its being opened in a relatively short space of time. Monte Carlo is very animated at the present time of the year. The weather is all one can possibly wish it to be. A delicious and invigorating sea-breeze tempers the heat of this particularly hot summer. There are a great many bathers come from fashionable Deauville and the different sea-resorts on the Normandy and Brittany coasts, who know that in this favoured part of the world they can enjoy their favourite pastime almost all the year round, at the well-appointed "Larvotto Baths," where good music, delicious tea, and other refreshments are to be had for a moderate price; whilst the sight of the numerous bathers is delightful. Monte Carlo and Biarritz are the only spots able to boast of such attractions at this time of the year. The famous tennis-courts of La Festa are in full swing, and all kinds of sport are to be enjoyed; whilst excursionists have every facility to visit the most interesting places round and about the Principality.

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British and Best.

Harrods Coat-Frocks for Autumn

The more one considers the many excellences of the Fashions Harrods offer, the more one is overwhelmed with arguments for an immediate purchase. The distinctive style and finish and, above all, the Quality of this delightful Model are surely invitation enough for an early call at Harrods!

'DOWNING'

Coat-Frock in Gabardine, with long-waisted effect and narrow tie belt. Collar may be worn high or open. Panel effect lined contrasting shades of Crêpe-de-Chine, trimmed black braid and embroidery to tone. In nigger and putty, nigger and self, navy and grey, navy and royal, navy and brick, black and black, black and grey, mole and black, saxe or mole and self. - - **6½ Gns**

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"MARQUINETTE" POWDER. Exquisitely perfumed. Available in six shades: Naturelle, Blonde, Rachel, Fonce, Rose, and Saxe. Per box **4/9**

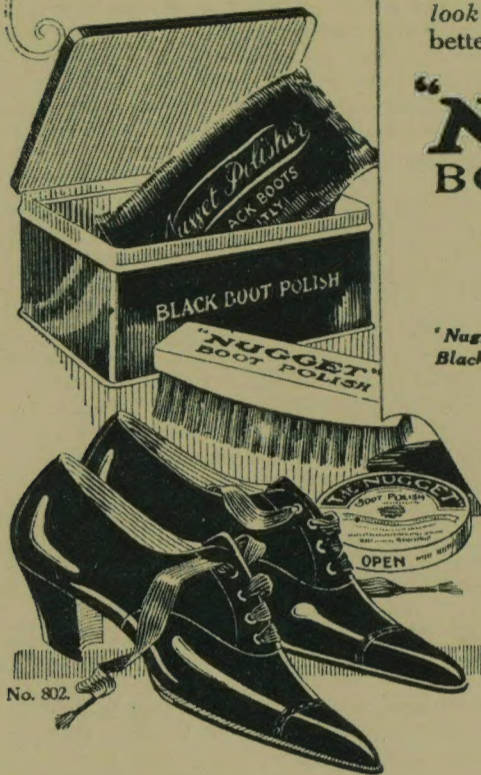


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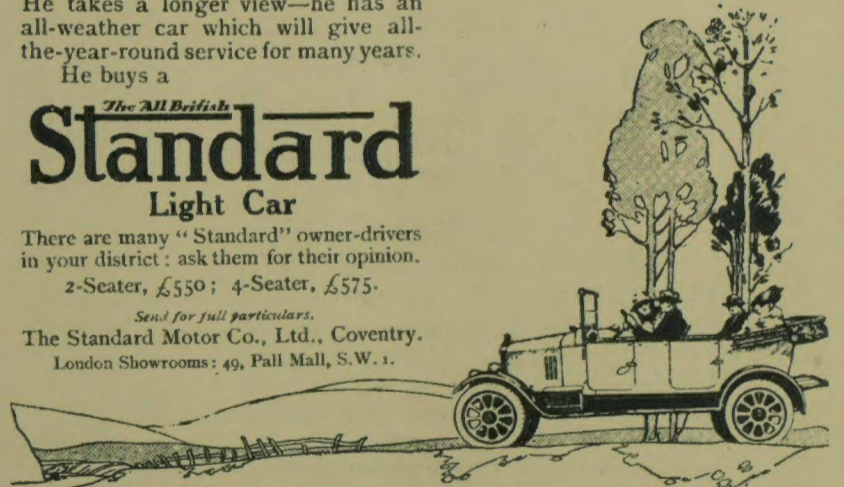
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There are many "Standard" owner-drivers in your district: ask them for their opinion.

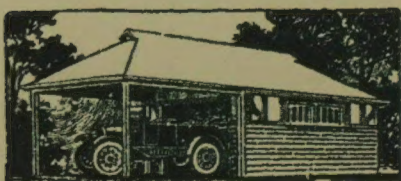
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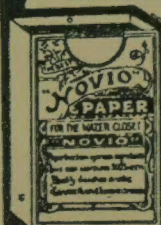
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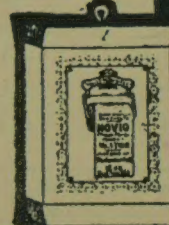
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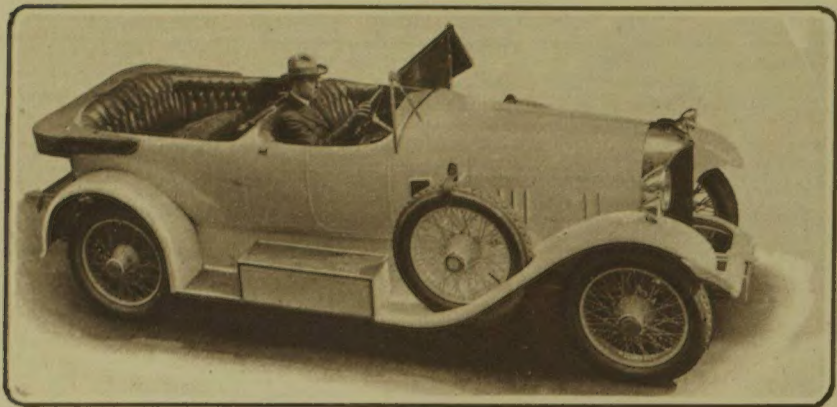
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Pray support this effort to relieve distress among men who prefer to EARN rather than be a burden on the public.

For particulars of the tickets supplied by the Church Army entitling to work in its Depots in London and elsewhere, please apply to PREBENDARY CARLILE, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, HEADQUARTERS, BRYANSTON STREET, MARBLE ARCH, LONDON, W.1. who will also gratefully receive contributions towards the necessarily large expense. Cheques crossed "BARCLAYS, A/C CHURCH ARMY," payable to Prebendary Carlile, as above.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Albert Car. A car which has rapidly come into favour among those who require a vehicle of relatively low cost, combined with excellence of construction and consequent moderate upkeep charges, is the 11·9-h.p. Albert.



BUILT ON ELEGANT LINES: A SIX-CYLINDER SPYKER TOURING CAR.

This car is built by Messrs. Gwynnes, of Hammer-smith, who are old-established engineers with a high reputation. During the war, their energies were concentrated upon aero engines, of which they built a large number, mostly of the Clerget type. When they elected to build a car, therefore, they brought to bear a vast amount of experience which is now reflected in the Albert as a road vehicle. A fortnight ago I had the opportunity of handling one for a long week-end, and I can only say it surprised me at every point. I had no idea it was nearly as good as it is. I took the car down into Sussex, over some of the worst main roads near London—roads I have travelled very often during the present season, and can therefore draw conclusions about. On nearly every car I have taken there I have had to go slowly over the worst places. The Albert took them all at speed in the most perfect comfort. The springing is astonishingly good. I know cars costing more than twice the price which are infinitely worse as to their suspension. Good springing is more than half the battle so far as concerns car-comfort in these days of bad roads; and when it is allied to other good qualities of speed and smoothness of running it will generally swing the pendulum in favour of the particular car concerned. This wonderfully good springing is really the outstanding feature of the Albert, but

it does not fall short of one's applied standard of performance in any other respect. It is fast. Fifty miles an hour on the level is easily attained. It climbs well. I took Henley Hill, on the main Chichester Road, at well over thirty miles an hour on third speed, and could have gone faster if the corners had allowed. The engine is particularly quiet and flexible, pulls well at all speeds, and has a very good figure of acceleration. The brakes are very good, and the steering is excellent. In fact, I could really become enthusiastic about the performance of the car, which I make out to be one of the very best in the class of the "eleven-point-nines." I am not at all sure that it is not the best. At any rate, I have tried nothing better.

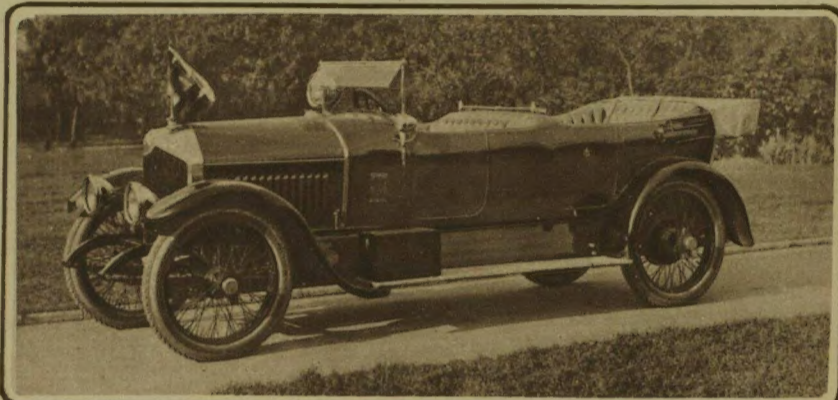
The Two-Hundred Miles Race.

It is only a week now to the appointed date for the two-hundred miles race at

Brooklands for "light" cars. The Talbot-Darracqs are still expected to win outright, and I know of bets being made at fairly short odds about their capturing the first three places. They are undoubtedly the three fastest cars of the entry; but I should not like to risk a great deal of money on their taking all the places. So much can happen in a race of the sort to upset all the calculations of the people mostly concerned. Even a burst tyre might cost the race. It may well be that the Aston-Martins will spring a surprise, especially the car which is to be driven by Count Zborowski. I am told the whole team are very fast; and out of five one at least ought to stand up. The A.C. cars are also fast, and will be well driven, but I do not think they can win. It seems doubtful if the Bugattis are going to start;

but if they do they are by no means without a chance of winning outright. Still, I am sticking to my original choice of the Talbot-Darracqs to win, with the Aston-Martins pushing them closely for the honours. It will be a wonderful race, however it results, and I would not miss seeing it for a great deal. It promises to be one of the most spectacular events held at Brooklands.

A Fine Record. Mr. S. F. Edge recently entered a six-cylinder A.C. light car of Brooklands racing type of chassis, but fitted with a standard six-cylinder touring A.C. engine, the size being six cylinders of 65 mm. bore by 100 mm. stroke, for the double twelve hours' run at Brooklands track. It is interesting to note that this engine has a sixth of the cubic capacity of that used by Mr. Edge on his own twenty-four hours' record run at Brooklands. The weight of the complete A.C. car was one-third of the weight of the car used by Mr. Edge; and the petrol consumption, which Mr. Edge had officially certified by the R.A.C., will work out to over 30 miles per gallon for the first twelve hours, and an average speed of over 70 miles per hour for the first twelve hours, the total distance in twelve hours being 840 miles 1529 yards. Unfortunately, the second day's twelve hours was not successful. At the official time of starting—7.10—a dense fog was in existence, to such an extent that in the first hour—including, of course, getting the car ready to start—only some 18 miles were done.



FOR THE PERSONAL USE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES DURING HIS TOUR IN INDIA: A 25-30-H.P. R.F.C. MODEL CROSSLEY TOURING CAR.

The second hour was very little better, as the fog did not lift until about ten in the morning, or nearly three hours after the start. The result of this was

(Continued overleaf.)



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THE selection of twelve 25/30 h.p. R.F.C. Crossley Cars as the *only* official cars for the use of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and Staff during the forthcoming tour of India is a signal honour for the manufacturers.

It is also a tribute to the great

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ANOTHER SUNBEAM TRIUMPH!

Shelsley Walsh Record Broken.

Mr. C. A. BIRD, driving a 6-cyl. Sunbeam, succeeded in eclipsing all previous records for this celebrated hill climb, making the ascent on September 10th, 1921, in 52 1/5 seconds.

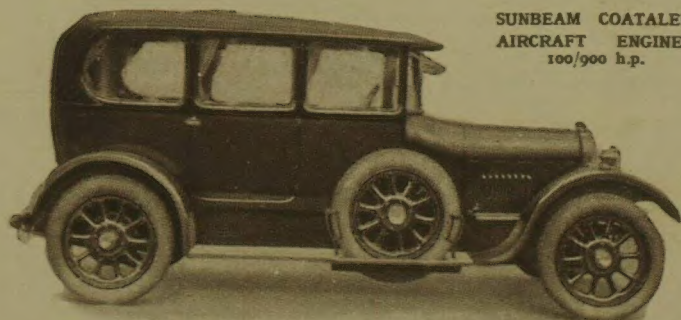
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Marcus Aurelius on Insurance

Illness

Marcus Aurelius wrote his immortal meditations some 1800 years ago. Yet he might have written them this very day as maxims in favour of wise Insurance.

He says: "From Maximus I learned self-government, and not to be led aside by anything; and cheerfulness in all circumstances, as well as in illness."

"Cheerfulness in illness" is all very well if one be protected against unexpected disarrangements, increased expenses, and loss of income.

Marcus Aurelius, as a Roman Emperor, was well provided for in case of emergency.

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"M.U.I." — Motor Union Insurance — **MEANS UNIVERSAL INSURANCE.**

A prospectus clearly describing any form of Insurance you may be considering would be gladly sent you on request. A postcard will do.

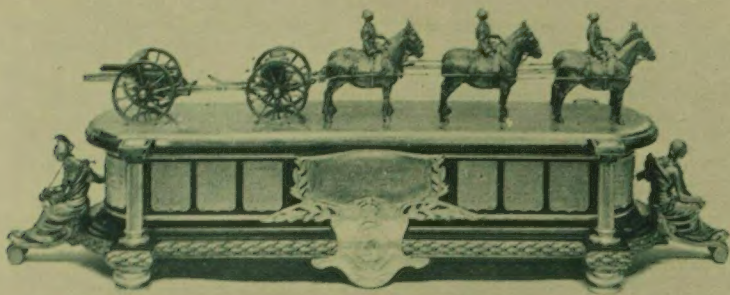
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(Continued.)

that to average anything like the same speed as had been done in the first twelve hours, the car must be pushed along at about 75 miles an hour. This was done, the car responding magnificently, all the drivers—Messrs. Noble, Brownsort, and Davis—driving at whatever speed was thought desirable. Unfortunately, a leak developed in the petrol-tank, and the car was



A TABLE WAR MEMORIAL: THE FINE SILVER CENTREPIECE MADE FOR "F" BATTERY, R.H.A., WITH A MODEL OF THEIR FAMOUS ALL BLACK TEAM. A unique form of war memorial is this sterling silver centrepiece inscribed "In memory of our gallant comrades of the F Battery, Royal Horse Artillery." Their famous All Black Team, which aroused great interest at the Royal Tournament, was modelled from life. The work was entirely carried out by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., and is one of the finest examples of the modern silversmith's art.—[Photograph by Craske.]

stopped and another tank fitted; but this consumed some forty minutes, so it was thus necessary to drive at least 85 miles an hour to do the average speed desired. The car again responded, and it began to lap regularly at 86 m.p.h.; but, unfortunately, the piston-clearance was not sufficient for such sustained heat as the pistons had had to stand, and one seized up and brought the run to a conclusion at the nineteenth hour, when a distance of 1192 miles 921 yards had been covered. This is the greatest distance ever covered on Brooklands track at such a speed for nineteen hours, with the exception of Mr. Edge's twenty-four hours on a 60-h.p. It is an excellent performance for the little six-cylinder A.C.

The Shell spirit, which was used throughout, was perfect; and the Dunlop tyres, which were removed at the end of twelve hours as a precaution, looked almost as good as when the drive started.

When illustrating (in our number for Sept. 3) the subject of diving apparatus, in connection with the salvage of the *Laurentic*, we stated, according to

particulars supplied, that the lowest depth ever reached by divers was 275 feet. We have since been informed by Mr. B. F. Leavitt, President of the Leavitt Lusitania Salvage Co., Inc., of Philadelphia, U.S.A., that he holds the world's record for a descent of 361 feet, made in 1916 in Grand Traverse Bay. He supplies evidence to that effect, and also of world record salvage at 176 feet on the wreck of the *Pewabic* in 1917 and 1918. Mr. Leavitt would like to undertake the salvage of the *Lusitania* and other famous wrecks. "I can reach the *Lusitania*," he writes, "without trouble: in fact, can operate in 500 feet of water."

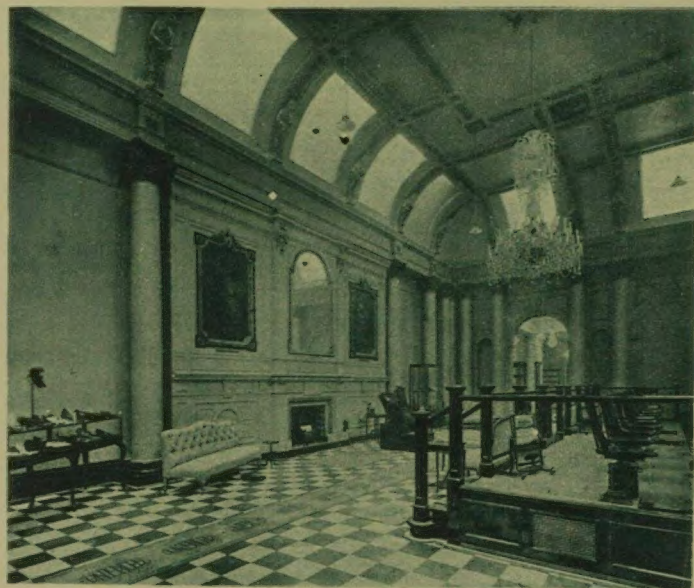
Among the portraits of the Directors of the Manchester Royal Exchange published in our issue of October 8 was one described as being that of Mr. Lennox B. Lee. Messrs. J. Lafayette, Ltd., the Manchester photographers who supplied it, have since

informed us that the photograph does not represent the Director of that name. Unfortunately, this information reached us after the paper had gone to press, and it was too late to correct the error, for which we offer all due apologies.

Students of French, whether at school or elsewhere, will welcome the appearance of a bright little weekly illustrated paper printed entirely in French, with topical extracts from the current French Press, just launched by that enterprising firm of educational publishers, Messrs. Evans Brothers, Ltd., of Montague House, Russell Square. The title of the new paper is *La France*, and the sub-title: "Revue de la Presse Française pour tous ceux qui apprennent le Français." The price is twopence, and special terms are given to schools for supplies in quantity. *La France* will also be useful to readers

of all sorts who wish to keep up their French and to know something of contemporary happenings and ideas among our friends across the Channel.

Readers who like to study the life of foreign lands through the medium of verse will be interested in three little books recently issued by Messrs. Erskine Macdonald. Each has a distinctive topographical setting. In "*O Mei' Moon, and Other Poems*," Mr. Alan W. Simms Lee gives poetic impressions of China. His pen-pictures, often pathetic, are touched with religion and philosophy. "In an Italian Mirror," by Vere di Ravelli, indicates the country of inspiration by its title. Here the note is mainly amorous. The third volume, "*Myths of Ifè*," by John Wyndham, records Nigerian legends collected by the author during several years spent as District Officer among the Yoruba tribe. The story is told in a blank verse poem in six parts, with notes at the end.



A FIT SCENE FOR THE FINALE OF "CINDERELLA": THE PRINCELY SHOE-FITTING SALOONS OF MESSRS. BABERS, LTD., IN OXFORD STREET.

It seems almost impertinent to describe these remarkably handsome premises as a boot-shop, yet such they undoubtedly are. The photograph shows the interior of Messrs. Babers' show-rooms at 309, Oxford Street, which are claimed to be "the largest shoe-fitting saloons in London."

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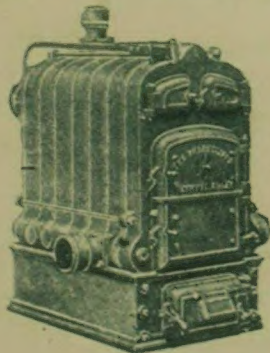
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COMPAGNIE DES MESSAGERIES MARITIMES.

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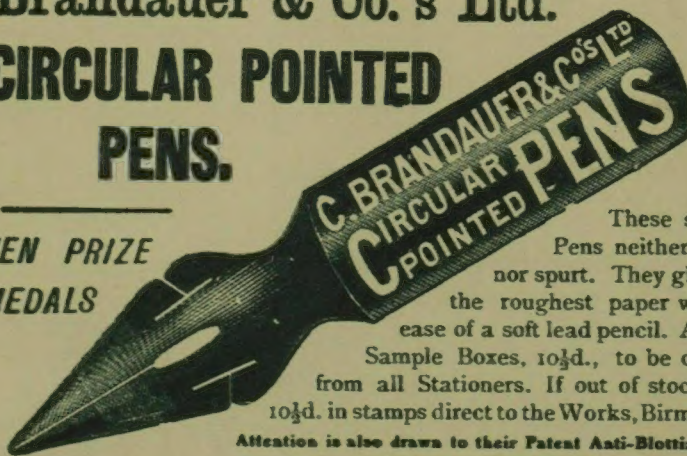
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